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A NAVY FOR THE SOUTH.

The Representative of Southern constituencies, while liberally voting for the increase of the Navy, either in personnel or in ships, has perhaps seldom reflected how little adapted is every vessel carrying any weight of metal, to the shoals and bars of our Southern coast, from Cape Henry to Florida; and if we except Tortugas, Key West, and Pensacola, from thence to the Mexican boundary. On the other hand, the northern politician has with a shrewdness we have failed to imitate, kept his eye on the more immediate practical results of legislation, and under the smoke of parliamentary warfare carried off from the Treasury perhaps more than the Lion's share.

Ships have been built in Dock Yards north and south, by contract and otherwise, fit only for the protection of northern interests. At this time we have but three imperfectly constructed steamers that can pass Charleston Bar at half-tide.—It is then from this stand-point that the subject presents itself to us, and

it is our object on this occasion so to represent it to our readers as at least to make them aware of the sad deficiency there is in our navy of a class of vessel, which the interests of our portion of sea-coast demand. We want a smaller and swifter class of armed steamships than we now possess. His Excellency the President in his message to Congress recommended the building of ten Gun-boats, which is, at least a commencement in the right direction, and it is for the South to see that this advice is promptly received and acted upon.

Our foreign relations, becoming every day more intricate, demand we should have a navy commensurate with our pretensions, and yet in actually available ships we have not added to the number in twenty years. New ones have been built it is true, but they have only taken the places of those rotten hulks that swell the navy list and lie idle at our dock yards. It seems very like vain boasting to talk about "Munroe doctrines" and "non-In-

tervention" with our twenty-two hundred guns opposed to England's twenty-two thousand. It is a significant fact that, when our Government dispatched *one* sloop of war to investigate the difficulty of the "Prometheus," that she arrived to find thirteen English men-of-war at their anchors in the Harbor of San Juan. As warlike, as powerful, as great a confederacy as we may be, we are measured abroad either as a nation of successful traders or desperate filibusters, invading weaker and defenceless Peoples, rather than the invincible promulgators of republican might, and honesty we should be. It has been said, and we should accept the warning which the statement contains, that England has a man-of-war within twenty-four hours' sail of every shore washed by the waves of the ocean. If she has a naval station at Halifax, she has another at Kingston, Jamaica, and so it is the world over. Thus, then, we do not over estimate England's position, when we believe that in a great measure our foreign policy has been shaped with a knowledge of her strength as a naval power. This mighty navy of hers, containing as it does the perfection and almost completion of a marine armament, has enabled her to support Spain in her constant and openly repeated acts of defiance, and discourtesy to us, and secured Cuba, crushed and spiritless under a rule of despotism. It has given her the boldness to exercise pretensions and plant colonies in Central America, where the mere port-prints of a colonial ruler should be esteemed as a stain and reflection upon the courage and honor of our own country. To-day we parade our flag along the coast of Africa, where her Imperial Ally reaps all the advantages of a licensed Slave trader.

Every man, not blinded by prejudice or ignorance, must acknowledge that it is in the discipline and availability of her navy, England best demonstrates her greatness.—The darling of her pride, well does it merit her confidence and affection, useful as it has ever been to her in preventing war, and securing to the poorest and humblest Englishman in every land and under every sky the proud consciousness of perfect protection. It is enough that he should be an Englishman, that a fleet should come to his rescue, a fleet that seems almost omnipresent. We may hate England, we cannot laugh at her. She alone of the whole world casts a shadow upon our future destiny, knowing as she does that though her cotton mills of Manchester may stand still, yet it will take us more than months to meet her on the ocean, gun for gun, and ship for ship, and that until then she will sweep the sea and close every port that holds a Fishing smack or Rice schooner.

It is to be presumed that, unless we are forever to submit to English diplomacy in American matters, war will one day be upon us. We may make treaties by the score, and try to lay any number of Telegraphic Cables, but sooner or later one or the other of us must rule, and entirely rule on this Continent. He who rules, be he English or American, will have to fight for it, and fight hard.

England has pretended in her every war to a God-given mission, were it to trample out Constitutional liberty here, or to blow Sepoys from gun muzzles in India. In the next war with us, her cry will be, what she is pleased to call the emancipation of Anglo-American slavery. That in this she will receive the sympathy of a large number of our New England agita-

tors, the past and present distinctly indicate, but as they may expect to make up in Privateering what they lose in the carriage of cotton, sugar and grain, perhaps the war will not be unpopular so long as the plunder endures. Against the South then England will direct her heaviest blows, destroying our sea-board plantations, and blockading our ports. The North may repay herself in a measure by her privateers, or as they are now termed, her *Marine Militia*. We at the South have little resident commercial shipping, no sailors, a defenceless coast, and no available navy to protect it. Let us indulge then in the hope that our Representatives may be able to induce their northern friends to make a commencement this session towards the armed defence afloat, of our Southern coast.

The Sea-board of the United States from Cape Henry to the mouth of the Rio Grande, is indented with numerous inlets guarded by shoals and bars. Among the best harbors on the Atlantic side, North Carolina has Beaufort with 17 feet at mean low water. South Carolina has Bull's Bay with 18 feet, Charleston with 10 feet, North Edisto with 12 feet, and Port Royal with 21 feet. Georgia has Tybee with 19 feet, Ossaba with 12 feet, and Brunswick with 18 feet. Of these, Beaufort, Charleston, Cape Fear and Tybee are fortified. There are other bays, inlets, and sounds with from twelve to six feet water on their bars.* Port Royal has the deepest entrance, a mile wide, with a good anchorage inside. The English used it in their wars with us.—On the Gulf coast, Key West, Tortugas, and Pensacola have harbors of easy access, partially fortified.—At Pensacola is a Navy Yard, and at Key West a half finished Coal

Depot. There would be some danger in taking one of the large steam frigates over Pensacola bar except at very high tides, and in smooth weather. The entrances to New Orleans and Galveston are both scant of water. A sloop of war coming up to Charleston Bar, although the smallest class, could not enter except at the highest pitch of the tide, and Port Royal is the only harbor on the Atlantic coast, south of Cape Henry, that a steam frigate could seek refuge in at half-tide.—In a time of war our cruisers would be forced into Norfolk for coal and provisions. In winter the guarding of the coasts of Carolina and Georgia with large vessels would be accompanied with dangers to be apprehended from the N. E. gales when the making of a port would be extremely hazardous, if not impossible. Brunswick will be a depot for vessels of a smaller class.—Since we have but a few steamers of light draft, our coast would be left to the mercy of an enemy having a fleet of steam gun-boats drawing six to twelve feet water, and armed with one or more heavy guns. At Plymouth, in England, not long ago, we saw a string of these crafts a mile long, at their moorings in the Hamoaze. They were constructed for the Russian war, to be used in the Baltic. Sixteen of them are now employed in China, in those shallow rivers which our heavy vessels cannot enter.—If these little vessels could accomplish with safety the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, there is nothing to prevent their crossing the Atlantic, and as they sail as well as steam, their propellers being fitted to *trice up*, the passage might be made without heating the water in their boilers. They are of two rates, divided each into three

* Blunt's American Coast Pilot, and the U. S. Coast Survey Report.

classes, and number in all two hundred and forty-three sail. The first are rated *Dispatch-boats*, and the others *Gun-boats*. The *Dispatch-boats* of the first class, are of 830 tons burden, 350 horse power, armed with *two* 68 pounders, *four* 32 pounders, *two* 24 pound Howitzers, and draw 11 feet, 4 inches water. The second class, are 680 tons burden, 200 horse power, armed with *two* 68 pounders, *two* 32 pounders, *two* twenty-four pounder Howitzers, and draw from 9 to 10 feet water. The third class are 450 tons burden, 160 horse power, armed with *two* 68 pounders, *two* 24 pound Howitzers, and draw from 8 to 9 feet water. They carry eight day's coal, full steaming, and their maximum speed is $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The *Gun-boats* are from 300 to 200 tons burden, 80, 60, and 40 horse power, armed with *one* 68 pounder, (and may carry two in smooth water,) *two* 24 pound Howitzers, and draw from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 feet water.—They carry five day's coal, full steaming, speed nine knots. These vessels are all three-masted, square rigged forward.*

Besides these vessels, at the same time 200 mortar Flats, carrying 13 inch mortars, and drawing $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet water, were constructed. From the time of laying the keels of the Gun-boats and flats, to the launching of them, occupied a period *less than four months!* Had the war continued, the problem would have been solved, of the possibility of taking a strongly fortified port from a sea attack alone. It was for this end these little crafts were built, and the energy and resources of England, private Dock Yards, and Machinery Factories, were directed to the speedy construction of boats and engines; which tasks they

achieved in the time just stated.

We take the following from a notice of the Gun-boats, published in the London Quarterly, as far back as April 1856.

"May we not carry General Paixhan's idea of a sub-division farther, and ask whether a cloud of swift, and powerful gun-boats would not often be still more effective than large frigates? Let us imagine even the 'Duke of Wellington' of 131 guns, attacked by a score of these cossacks of the sea, each armed with 68-pounders, placed fore and aft, firing Paixhan's shells, would she not be very much in the position of a parish-beadle stoned by a mob of mischievous boys? A broad-side such as hers, towering high above the water would present a target which it would be difficult to miss; whilst she would have as little chance of shooting swallows with her long guns, as these nimble little gun-boats, forever warily keeping their sterns on, at a respectful distance, and presenting a mark not more than twenty-two feet to her gunners. The difficulty of hitting such mere specks would be immense; and even the turning of these minnows on the water would expose them to little harm, as the experience of the attack on Sweaborg proved; for the gun-boats which kept moving about on that occasion were never struck."

These gun-boats at Sweaborg, sixteen in number, from a distance of three thousand yards, threw their shot and shell into the arsenal without ever being grazed, and drove a Russian line of Battleships out of the fight, to sink soon after. Sir Howard Douglas says of these boats, and he may be esteemed high authority, "The smaller class of vessels now fitting out as gun-boats come fully up to the author's notion of what a good steam gun-boat should be." He thinks the *Dispatch-boats* "very beautiful, fine and speedy looking craft," but finds some fault with the over weight of metal they carry, or were to carry.†—Professional writers in England were quite sanguine that these gun-

* From information obtained of an officer in the English navy.

† Naval Gunnery, London, John Murray.

boats and mortar-flats would have done the work the next summer at Revel and Cronstadt. We might cite many instances from our own history, and that of Europe, of the efficiency of our gun and mortar-boats. A bomb-ship in smooth water should be able to strike at every discharge, from upwards of four thousand yards, any extensive fortification. Sir Charles Napier reports that the French mortars did good work at Bomarsund, contributing largely to the reduction of the place, and that they never missed their mark. It was the powerful bomb-ships that saved Nelson at Copenhagen. Anchored as they were behind his line, they were in position to throw their shells over the ships into the city. This the Crown Prince of Denmark knew when he gave the order to cease firing.

It is great folly to close our eyes to the resources of any nation, and it is worse than folly to despise any enemy actual or possible. We should remember, if England can bring upon our coast in six weeks, her fleets of line-of-battle-ships, frigates and gun-boats; her ally France has a perfectly equipped navy of 11,000 guns. Our friend Russia, the third naval power of Europe had in the late war about 5,000 guns. We, with a larger commercial marine, a more accessible and extensive sea-coast, have a navy less than one-tenth the size of England's, one-fourth as large as that of France and only half as large as Russia's!

It is not probable that in our time at least, our navy will be organized into large fleets; consequently we may expect to see few line-of-battle ships built, since those we now have are not sent to sea. With our best and most important harbors fortified, squadrons of small swift steamers may cruise rapidly along our coast protecting our seaboard trade from Maine to Texas.

Abroad, our swift heavily armed steam frigates should cruise, aiding and protecting our privateers, and with them destroying the enemy's property wherever it could be found. To compass this end it will be necessary, not only to build small steamers, but to increase largely the number of our steam frigates, and corvettes, of which we have now eleven, including the five sloops to be built. Since nothing short of a war with a powerful enemy will develop our resources as a ship-building, and ship-fighting people, we presume we are to wait until the "spirit of our institutions" in this particular undergoes a change. Let us at least hope for a gradual increase of the navy, and that we may be able to make up in discipline and efficiency of our crews, the strength and range of our batteries, and the swiftness of our ships what we lack in numbers. We have now but seventeen efficient steamers afloat and being constructed. It is hardly to be presumed that, whilst other naval powers are not only building new ships to be propelled by steam, but are altering the old vessels into auxiliary screw ships, we intend to rest contently on our oars, trusting rather to the peaceful intentions of other nations, than upon our own actually prepared strength for war. Ship to ship, with American seamen to serve our guns, we need not fear any enemy afloat. We know that the spirit of 1812 is still with us. It slumbers, it is not dead. To give it room for action, ships must be furnished and men trained to fight them, and then with the prestige of our early victories to cheer us on, we think the country may rely on the courage and devotion of the service. As a people, we have a genius for naval architecture, and the construction and use of arms. We can scarcely believe then, that actuated by a policy of false economy,

or indifference incident to years of continued peace, we will consent to trust the honor of our flag to old-fashioned sailor ships, pitted against swift steamers constructed with all the ingenuity and foresight science and experience can suggest. The country knows her sailors will stand to their guns like men, but under such circumstances she cannot expect them to return crowned with victory. If we cannot for want of proper vessels, prevent armed bands from leaving our coast to make war on neighboring states with whom we are at peace, how are we to defend it from the attacks of a perfectly organized navy? Walker escaped from Mobile Bay but a few weeks ago in a rickety old steamboat, because we had no small steamers to blockade him, and so it has been in every attempt of the kind that has yet been made. It seems then that for the simple requirements of *peace* our navy is insufficient. Nothing is more common than a ship, being suddenly transferred from one station to another. A steamer was ordered the other day from Europe to Central America, five thousand miles, to intercept the President of Nicaragua in his last descent upon his devoted country. The navy department we may imagine is thus sometimes sorely put to it!

Let us, however, remember always, in advocating a gradual increase of the navy, that the South has her interests as well as the North, and that, for our portion of the coast should be built, a class of vessels like the English gun-boats, but superior to them in speed, in tonnage, in batteries, in lightness of draft, and economy in consumption of fuel. The cost of such a vessel would be about \$250,000, and as before stated, the Government advises the building of ten immediately. This number should be added to annually, until we have at least

one hundred of these craft. In time of need they can dart from our inlets and bays like swallows from their nests, on the war-hawks that come to make desolate our fire-sides, and to capture those defenceless laborers whom God has given us to protect as a duty, and to be thankful for as a blessing. Under such circumstances England will undoubtedly endeavor to seize upon some unfortified harbor like Port Royal. With the charts of that fine entrance which the Admiralty has possessed for a hundred years, and the experience and hardihood of her sailors in penetrating and exploring unknown seas; (for they may be esteemed the Hydrographers of the world's shores,) a bold effort will be made to establish a depot at this point where large ships can lay and send out gun-boats to strip our shores. These "minnows" would swarm every sound and bay on the coast of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas. The sounds and lakes of the Gulf shores, and the smooth water of the Florida reefs are peculiarly adapted to this kind of warfare. It is therefore imperatively necessary we should meet these vessels with a class superior in the qualities we have named, and the sooner our officers are made familiar with the pilotage of our Southern entrances the better. In peace these vessels might also be employed in rendering assistance to distressed shipping. Pushing out from their harbors at the close of a gale, and dashing out to the Gulf stream in search of dismasted and leaking vessels, not only might a great many valuable cargoes be thus saved, but who can count the numbers of human beings that might be rescued by timely aid?

It is for Engineers to decide if a port fortified as Charleston is, could

withstand an attack from two hundred gun and mortar-boats, which may be brought against it two months after the commencement of a war with England—a crisis to which our destiny carries us slowly perhaps, but surely. We know that ships attacking solid masonry have the odds greatly against them, and that shells thrown from broad-sides may explode without penetrating, while the same shells, with red-hot shot fired down upon ships produce the most fearful results. Vessels anchoring to bombard a fort, become themselves a floating battery with wooden broadsides bearing on a front of granite. With all this we should too remember in estimating our strength, that the introduction of steam has facilitated rapidity of movement, command of position, and an independence of winds and tides. The influence of a fortification in a marine sense, does not extend beyond the range of its longest guns. The navy of England stands compared to the Navy of the United States, as 875 vessels; 637 of the number effective, 420 of which are propelled by steam; against 73 of all sizes down to schooners, of which 17 are propelled by steam. Figures tell the odds against us. It has been remarked "that Providence always favors the strongest battalions."

It is an unpleasant, and perhaps humiliating task, for one to confess the weakness of his country, and though he may deplore the circumstance, still a sense of duty forces him to speak out the truth. In our country this duty is imperative at this time. As a people we know little, and we fear care less about our navy. A small establishment, with small patronage, and no political influence, it has lived, or rather existed within itself, strug-

gling now and then for a hearing in Congress, and falling often crushed under the previous question of a speculative railroad bill.

There are few Englishmen who cannot tell you all about one of their crack men-of-war. He will talk as knowingly to you about "the Duke" with her 131 guns, as about the winner of the last Derby, or of *Piccolomini* in *La Traviata*. The exquisite whom we see to-day lounging at the windows of a Pall-Mall Club house, we may meet next week off Cowes in his yacht, beating through the "Needles," or bowling down the Solent towards Spithead, and the brown-eyed girl who takes the helm while he coils down the main sheet clear for running, is his sister Maud, the best waltzer in May Fair, and the belle of the last London season. In our country how seldom it is we meet a man whose knowledge of the navy extends beyond the incidents recorded in Cooper's History. He may remember perhaps, the ship named after that instrument which is the charter of our liberties, and the bequest of our fore-fathers.—Sailors call her 'the Old-Iron-Sides.' He is proud to think she never struck her flag, though the crimson life blood ran from slippery decks, along her sides down into the blue waves, that trembled under the roar of her victorious guns. He may remember the youthful and daring Perry, in his open boat crossing from his sinking ship to a better one, while the smoke of battle hung low and thick upon the Lake. He may conjecture the last hours of a gallant Blakely going down in sight of our Carolina coast, with his battle lanterns lit, and the pale stars shining down upon his shot-rent flag,* but of the present he takes little heed, for the past

* Southern Quarterly Review, July 1849.

has given him strong faith in the future, and there are but few breasts in our wide land whose hearts are still-ed by the parting gun, to beat gladly when the wanderers come home.

We are not then as a society, a nautical people, as the English are. Who of us has ever seen an American yacht-man that looked like a gentleman-sailor? The sea to our fair country-women is suggestive of close state-rooms, squeezed lemons, and a stout stewardess, with the omnipresent basin. Yet though our people do not love the sea as a pastime, we are and have ever been the defenders of liberty, of religion, and with them of our fire-sides, and the man who strikes a blow for these on land or sea wins our esteem and our gratitude.

We have been encouraged in

preparing this paper, by knowing that it was addressed to a society, among whom the profession of arms is esteemed an honorable calling, and who do not deem a man a mere idler, because he has given up the promises of acquiring wealth on shore, to serve his country abroad. It is for the profession of such men that we have endeavored to speak. If God has cast their destiny under Southern skies, it is but right, when war comes, that they should be able to strike a blow for their homes. And if out of the many there should be a few whose best and truest hopes are anchored in, or near this old city, may we not ask, that the opportunity will be given them of bearing their share of the defence of our own Carolina. To do this, we must have a Navy for the South.

THE HERO WORKER.

Alas! how low he lies,
Whose spirit, through his eyes,
Was ever aiming upward, to the skies!

How silent that deep voice,
That ever cried—"Rejoice!
"We soon shall reach the mountains of our choice!"

How cold the heart whose glow,
Made sunshine in the snow,
And warmed his people's faith when fires burnt low!

We see no more that aim,
That, like a shaft, all flame,
Ever shot upward to the heights of Fame!

Will he no more aspire,
With his great soul's desire,
To sway, to soar, Highest, and ever Higher?

Will he not pluck his wreath,
Even from the realm of death,
For realms which know no forfeiture of breath?

Shall all that brave desert,
That will, that regal heart,
Magnanimous in passion, all depart?

His purposes of might,
His grasp, beyond the light,
Of things, and thoughts, left shrouded now in night!

The grand ideals of good,
And beauty, watch'd and woo'd,
While other men lay sleeping, stuff'd with food!

The Faith, the Courage, Will,
To work and conquer still,
Assured 'gainst every prophecy of ill.

Shall these great aims, this power
Be quell'd in one brief hour,
These goodly growths of virtue have no flow'r?

Was the fond toil in vain,
Pursued through mock and pain,
Grief in the heart, while grandeur ruled the brain?

Cut short each noble toil,
Ere yet was won the spoil,
That would have crown'd with fruit the natal soil?

There, at the quarry, lies
The half-hewn block—your eyes,
See that in vain each meaner workman tries.

And shall the great soul keep,
Henceforth, unbroken sleep,
Nor ply the subtle thought, nor work the problem deep?

Is he, who now lies mute,
Denied each fond pursuit,
Nor let to work until his toils bring proper fruit.

Doth the transition break
The Progress? Shall it take
The master from the fields where he had learn'd to make?

Shall he not still pursue
The favorite plan—though new,
Field and material be—imperishable too?

Not to dull earth he clings,
And now he puts on wings,
Shall he not rise to yet sublimer things?

Perfect each sovereign thought,
Which he so fondly sought,
Achieve the ideal good on which he long hath wrought?

To consummation fine,
Work out the grand design,
Elaborate beauty born and blooming in each line?

Life, here, was but a term,
Of ordeal, whence the germ,
Training, to lift the angel from the worm.

And, with his growth of soul,
Prepared for loftier goal,
He but flings off the bonds that would control.

His task was but to leave,
Grand models which should grieve,
And make the emulous race with nobler births conceive.

This done—himself endowed,
For toils beyond the crowd,
He makes his way to spheres more pure and proud.

Where nobler, better spoils,
Await superior toils,
And Art at will creates, and Nature never moils.

New spheres, new stars await,
His presence—and a state,
That lives in beauty, and that mocks at fate!

A grander model grows
Before his soul—he glows,
With ideals far beyond the all he knows.

His wisdom, in great aim,
Makes mortal knowledge tame,
And finds a motive far beyond all mortal fame.

For fame, the human lure,
Though, in degree, most pure,
Is yet of mortal birth, not purposed to endure.

When higher flights we take,
Then loftier motives wake,
The horizon spreads—new suns upon the vision break.

The ambition then dilates
Nor soon with conquest sates
That soul which learns to move 'mongst spirits, stars and fates.

Itself a Fate—a God—
It flings itself abroad—
All thought, and will—nor asks, if men and stars applaud.

The "Still Beyond," alone,
Appeals with heavenly tone
To souls that, ne'er content, o'er each achievement moan.

Not their's, with drowsy thought,
To brood above the wrought,
Nor deem aught won, with something yet unsought.

This woos, while baffling will;
The ideal mocks them still,
The wing must soar, the eye sees yet a loftier hill.

And every summit won,
Unveils a "*farther on*"
Alps rise o'er alps, and more must yet be done.

This is the eternal round
Of nature; and the found,
Makes nothing for the soul that knows no bound.

From star to star it speeds,
Each flight, a flight of deeds,
And every night in holier pasture feeds.

Ah! vainly we pursue,
The eternal progress through,
God, the Ideal that woos, yet ever keeps from view. \

BLASÉ.

It is my humor to write. I care not who reads—nor if what I write be unread—nor, if read, what comments my wandering lucubrations may call forth. My end will have been attained, when my pen is laid down. I am looking at life, to-day, through green spectacles, (a kind of glasses very much in use among Dyspeptics,) and a very sombre image is reflected upon my eyes. I will suffer the words to drip from off my pen's point, as long as the gloomy thoughts which they represent are present with me. When the fountain is exhausted, the stream will cease flowing. I will then envelope the loose sheets, seal and direct them, and, having dropped them in the post office, never bestow another thought upon the matter.

Very few people have a realising sense of the dissatisfied restlessness, which found an outward expression in the sad pages of the book of Ecclesiastes. I have come to feel, in my inmost soul, the hollow wretchedness, for which even all of the Royal Preacher's Wisdom could provide no relief. I can well imagine with what gnawing despair—with what nauseated satiety, Solomon turned, alike from his wisdom and from his folly—from his greatness and from his littleness—and cried, in the mortal bitterness of his soul, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit!" He had drained the cup of pleasure dry, and, turning up the Goblet, had found, at its base, dregs as bitter as the "Waters of Marah."

I once wished that I was a marble statue, endowed with faculties of intelligence—bereft indeed of

all the pleasures of sense, but released, at the same time, from its pains. My boyish wish has been well nigh accomplished. I am indifferent, alike to emotions of joy and of sorrow. There seems to me nothing in life of sufficient interest, to cause three additional beats of my pulse, per minute. I look around me and see men interested and absorbed in the most common and familiar pursuits. I know one man, whose principal employment, in the forenoon, is to determine upon what delicacies he will have for dinner. And this man is "quite a study" to me—to whom breakfasts and dinners and suppers are but periodical events which are looked for, simply because they break the monotony of my existence. Now sleeping is a very different thing. I think I might become much engrossed by this, if it were only an active operation; but it is not. All that can be done to procure it, is merely to throw one's self in the way of it, and be its passive recipient. But I can not even enter into the anxieties of a more serious character, which flush or furrow the cheeks of men. I can understand the buoyant freshness of youth—for experience has not yet moderated and chastened its exuberance. But men seem just as much absorbed by and immersed in their cares, on the eve of life, as they were at its morn. I hear of men being brought to the verge of insanity by the passion of love.—Why, I fell in love once—and only once. 'Twas my first, last and only love. And I never laugh at young men whom I see in a similar state. For I reflect that, however lightly

I may think of it, and, in after years, however lightly *they* may think of it—yet, *now*, it is a very solemn matter with them. Ah! I well remember how earnestly and unselfishly I loved that first object of my ardent affections. I well remember the unwearied efforts which I made to commend myself to her, and the maledictions which I pronounced upon my ill-timed stupidity when with her, for on ordinary occasions sufficiently loquacious, I became, in *her* presence, almost entirely dumb, or spoke such words as made me wish I had been dumb, before I uttered them. I used to think about it afterwards, and I concluded that I certainly must have been a most uninteresting object to her. For I was so hopelessly and irredeemably in love, that my very anxiety to make myself agreeable, over-reached itself, and I could be more entertaining to any one than to *her*, to please whom I would have given my right arm.—“An old tale!” you’ll say. So it was; but I had never heard it.—And I bear in mind the day, when my anxiety bubbled over—when I composed and committed a set speech, in which I declared my passion. I had this speech on my tongue’s end when I entered her presence, but, the moment I opened my mouth, there burst forth a totally different ebullition—a flood of fiery professions and incoherent entreaties—an uncontrollable eruption of eager words, which frightened me almost as much as they did her. But she had sufficient self-possession to tell me gently, kindly, but very, *very* positively, that she “could give me no encouragement,” that she “could esteem me as a friend, but,” &c., &c. I took my hat and went sadly home, with a dull, sore pain at my heart. ’Twas a bitter disappointment. For, look you, I had not only longed and

labored for success, but *daily and nightly I had prayed for it*. And the last thing I did before going to see her, was to fall upon my knees, and beg God to grant me my desire. I left the city immediately. When settled elsewhere, I commenced looking over my effects, one day, to see if I could not find in my possession some slight memorial of her, whom I still loved so dearly. But not a withered flower, nor a scrap of note paper, nor a faded ribbon, could I discover. “And so,” thought I, “I have not a single relic to keep her in my mind.” At this moment my fingers pressed upon a hard globule in the lining of my vest. I got it out, and found a small speckled bean, which had worked its way through the bottom of my vest-pocket. I recollected the very moment, when she gave it to me, saying that it was a curious Eastern vegetable. Well, I looked into a Gardener’s Chronicle, and, seeing that it was the proper season, I went into the remotest corner of the garden, and having drilled a hole in the mellow soil with my cane, I dropped this only relic of an ill-starred passion into it. And then and there, with the little bean, I buried my hopes and my love. “*But the bean sprang up!*” you’ll say. I thought it would—and watched for it carefully—but it has never come above the earth—neither have my hopes—neither has my love. I’ve never thought it worth my while to fall in love since!

But have I no business about which to be concerned? Yes, I have a business, and my bitterest enemy could never say it was neglected. And yet I go about it, with the same listless apathy, with which I do every thing else. I seem to myself to be wound up every morning, and to perform my func-

tions during the day by running down.

Can I do no good in this world? Are there no people whom I could serve, so as to bless them, and bless myself too? Well, I did essay a bit of benevolence the other day.—I had just drawn a quarter's salary, and having gone around and liquidated certain boot bills, store accounts, oyster supper expenses, &c., I found myself in the possession of one single, silver dollar. As I held it between my finger and thumb, and speculated as to what use might be made of it, I observed a woe-begone specimen of humanity, standing near me, and eyeing my hand with wistfully longing looks. His cheeks were hollow, and his eyes sunken. His rags fluttered around his skeleton frame in reckless freedom, and his half starved appearance rendered him an object pitiable to behold. I mused inwardly, saying, "here is a worthless vagabond, who might once have supported himself with respectability. But he ceased depending upon his own exertions and claimed the aid of society—and society has encouraged him to be a beggar. He is a safety-valve for the superfluous charity of the public. I will not visit the sins of society upon his head. I will befriend him."

So resolved, I beckoned the man to me, and upon his drawing near, accosted him thus—

"My friend! I do not care whether you starve or are satisfied! I believe that the best way in which a man can assist his fellow men is, to take care of himself. And I think that starvation would be a meet reward for your indolence and worthlessness. Notwithstanding all this, you seem to be in great need, and I apprehend that this dollar will be none the less serviceable to you, because it is so ungraciously bestowed, so take it and be off."

He burst out with profuse expressions of gratitude. He declared that I had saved his life. He vowed that he would never cease to pray for me. I left him discharging blessings at my back as I walked away, as though he meant to knock me over with them. A few moments afterwards, I stepped into the back room of a store to get some water, when, immediately in the rear of the building, I recognized the voice of my ragged friend in gleeful converse with a companion. He was relating to the other's great amusement, an account of my donation to him. "My eye, Bill, I've come over more of him than everybody else put together. Lord! that a man with so much on his face should be so almighty green!" Now what did I do? Did I rush forth and reproach this outrageous mendicant, with his ingratitude?—Not I; I went off into a roar of laughter and walked out of the store, leaving the clerks staring at me and then at one another, and rapping their heads with a significant gesture quite readily understood!

And so day after day, and night after night, I pursue the even tenor of my way—an unbroken monotony of misery. The weary hours keep turning around the tread-mill of time, and suns rise and set upon me in my sunken indifference, and as I become older, I grow less and less mindful of all that agitates others. My gaze is seldom turned backward or forward, or upward, or outward. I am, all the time, looking within—subjecting myself to a ceaseless process of introspection, and brooding gloomily over the mental chaos, which there meets my eyes. "KNOW THYSELF," said one

of old. If his knowledge yielded him as little gratification as mine does me, he would have been wise to have remained in ignorance.—There is but one subject upon which my mind dwells with interest.—That subject is death. For I have observed of late years, a growing heaviness of my limbs, which, God knows, are not burdened with flesh—and a quick catching of my breath, which is expended by wondrous little exertion. And I have noted, when I rose from my hot, feverish bed, and gazed into the dressing glass, that a sickly pallor clothed the thin, angular face, which it reflected, while a heavy film blinded the drooping eyes which many a sleepless night had left swollen and blood-shot. And I know that decay has been doing its slow work for a long time, and that sooner or later, I shall fall under its attacks. And there is, withal, in my mind, when reflecting upon this, a predominance of sad curiosity, rather than any sensation of fear—

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead!"

I have, it is true, occasionally speculated upon how I shall meet death, and I sometimes have a vague, indefinite kind of dread of the physical pangs of dissolution, but far above this, rises that feeling of dim, indescribable wonder, as to what will be the nature of the change which so certainly awaits me. What will be my sensations when the death struggle is over, and the restless heart shall have ceased its heavy throbbing! When these eyes, but now burning with agony, are forever closed—when these limbs, but now tossing in

misery, are relaxed in peaceful slumber—where, and what, will I be? Life seems to me a long aisle, down which crowds have been thronging for thousands of years, and along which I am, myself, making my dreary way. And at the end of this aisle, hangs a black curtain, and multitudes, one by one, have disappeared and are disappearing behind it. And as it closes around their retiring forms, we bid them adieu, *forever*—for no word, nor look, nor smile, nor sigh, nor any, even the slightest intimation, ever comes back to us from them beyond that impenetrable screen.—Ah! I have sat and pondered in awe-stricken curiosity, wondering what scenes first greeted their eyes when they emerged from this dim dawn of Time, into the broad daylight of Eternity!

I sometimes consider dreamily, whether or not I could rouse myself from this deadly stupor, and shake off my apathy, and go out and retrieve my lost life. For, at times, the ghosts of departed hours gather thickly around the portals of memory's chamber. And in gloomy array they rise before me, and, with wan countenances, and sad, reproachful voices, they haunt my troubled soul. But I reject them. For, it does me no good to entertain them. Even if I could muster up resolution to effect a change, nature is too far exhausted to execute my determination. Too late! too late! Oh! how many an eye has been dimmed—how many a heart-string has cracked—how many a soul has gone down into the dark waters—at the sound of those sorrowful words, "Too late!"

If there be any moral to be drawn from my life, it must suggest itself. I have no heart to drivel in canting terms of warning or advice. I am no broken down *roué*, doing penance for his misdeeds, by hold-

ing himself up, as a moral landmark to his fellows. I am simply tired—weary of life—sick of its lies, its frivolities, its hollowness, and its deceptions. I am, in short, Blasé! "*Studiorum omnium satietas vitae facit satietatem.*" And so it has. I have written an epitaph, which I shall leave with directions that it be inscribed upon my tomb. It reads thus:

"Here lies one whose life was a failure—one, who, though he died early, yet outlived desire—one, who despised all men, and yet, of all men, despised himself the most."

"*Requiescat in pace!*"

THE FRUITLESS LIFE.

To wake, yet live no life,
 To toil, and yet to know,
 That toil is only strife,
 And each achievement wo!—
 That conquest's self but mocks
 The soul with idle dreams,
 And Fame's most lofty rocks,
 Win none of Heaven's sweet beams:
 That, over all there broods
 The shadow of defeat;
 That Fortune's dearest goods
 Reward no fond conceit:
 That love, and wealth, and Fame,
 But lure to cheat; and all
 That made the soul's young dream,
 But keeps the soul in thrall!

This is the worst of life;
 And, at its close, to sigh,
 That we have known the strife,
 Not won the victory!
 This saddens autumn's peace,
 And makes the harvest vain:
 We see no fair increase
 From all the golden grain;
 We feel that we have striven,
 For mocking toys of Time;
 Not for that hope of heaven,
 That makes all hopes sublime!
 Not for that sweet repose,
 Which, never heeding Fame,
 Has sought the race to close,
 Without reproach or blame.

ANECDOTES OF BERANGER.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

A rich lady, worth forty thousand dollars a year, said to the poet : I am weary of life ; I do'n't know what to do with myself.

Spend your rents in charity, Madame ; nothing makes one happier than to do good.

The grand lady did not like the advice, and turned away, saying : the poor are happier than the rich ; they have not the cares of a fortune to vex them ; and then they are envious of our opulence.

On the contrary, replied the poet philosopher ; you rich envy us poor !

How truly do these lines apply to Beranger :

*" Modeste et bon, cet homme vertueux,
Privé des biens que l'opulence affiche,
A semblé pauvre au riche fastueux,
Et par ses dons au pauvre a semblé riche."*

Here is a rare example of the insolence of beggars. There was a learned Italian named Angeli, to whom the poet gave six francs, as charity, every month. Once when he came for his alms, Beranger told him he had no money. The beggar became angry and said he must have it. Go to your Pope and get it then ! said Beranger. I won't go so far, retorted Angeli ; I'll write an article against you and publish it in some paper that is inimical to you. Ah ! that's a brave idea, returned the good natured poet ; but, as you can't write good French, bring me the proof of your article, and I will correct it for you.

made with some design : to comfort the poor, to visit the sick, to console old friends, these were his sacred duties. One morning very early—he rarely went out before breakfast—a rich friend met him : where are you hurrying so early ? he said. I am going to visit a poor woman who has just sold her fine suit of hair, to buy bread for her children. Here, take my purse, if it can be of any service to you, said the rich man. Well, let me have one hundred francs, till I can find work for the woman, and some little employment for her husband, who is a disabled soldier. The family was relieved and the money returned to the rich man.

Chintrenil owes an impayable debt of gratitude to our magnanimous poet. The artist, in distress, addressed him a letter of supplication for his influence to obtain a place in the public works.

The poor painter could get nothing to do, and could not even sell some pictures already on hand.

Beranger managed to sell some of his pieces for him, and finally succeeded in getting him employment in the Administration of Fine Arts, through the powerful influence of Baron Taylor.

When he obtained a reputation as a landscape painter, his gratitude was properly expressed towards Beranger.

Beranger never took any useless walks ; his excursions were always

One morning as Beranger sat quietly by his fire, which he always

kindled himself, in his garret room of the Rue Vineuse, which answered for a bed chamber, a dining hall and a parlor, perusing numberless notes of congratulation and supplication, from rich people and poor, some one knocked gently at his door. *Entrez!* said the poet; and in came a pretty woman, neatly dressed, with that indescribable ease which only women of tact and taste can possess.

At the sight of the poor old man, in such an apartment, the lady burst into tears.

The poet arose, and taking her by the hand, asked who she was, and what he could do for her.

I am the Actress Dejazet; and I have come to see you, and to ask permission to kiss you. The good old man threw his arms around her and gave her a warm embrace of purest friendship. They had long known each other by reputation, but had never met before. They took seats by the fire-side, and conversed about the past, the present and the future.

You never come to the theatre, said Miss Dejazet; and yet your *Lisette*, which I have been playing for some days, has the greatest success. Ah! that is owing to the charming lady who plays the part, interrupted the flattering poet.

Well, I want to sing your *Lisette* to the air composed by the good Frederic Berat. (Berat was the composer of the well known melody of *Ma Normandie*. Our poet got the poor old musician a situation in the Paris Gas Company, which he held till his death.)

The song was sung, and they both shed tears at parting the best of friends, after one meeting.

One day Beranger dropped a two sou copper into a beggar's hat. A rich man went up and said to the men-

diant: I will give you five francs for the two-sou piece, just put into your hat. You will! and what for? enquired the beggar. Because Beranger gave it to you.

Oh, if that is Beranger, I will keep the copper in remembrance of the great and good man; and he put the coin in his pocket, to the rich man's great disappointment.

Another wealthy person who wanted to see the renowned songster, but had no excuse for a visit, made himself the occasional servant of the poet's boot-maker and took a pair of boots to his house, just to see the poet and have a talk with him. When he left the house Beranger gave him a franc: the rich man hung it to the charms on his watch chain, and boasts of it as a memento of the Poet!

One day at dinner, wines were discussed: a certain loud talker contended for Bordeaux, while the poet insisted on the superiority of Burgundy. The talker had taken only his favorite Bordeaux, and was still debating, when Beranger interrupted him—Bah! one is as stupid after a bottle of bordeaux as before he began it! The man was silent; there was no answer to that!

A friend came to inform him, that they talked of making him senator. What will the poor of Paris say of Beranger as a senator? replied the poet, smiling.

A poor book-peddler came to the poet with an album and requested him to write something in it. Who sent you? Some one you do not know, but who wants your autograph.

I never write in albums; so go about your business.

Oh, sir, you dont know what a

favor you would be doing me, a poor man, by writing in the album.

How so? what would you gain by it?

I have a family to support; and the man has promised me fifty francs if I would get you to write only a couple of lines in his album.

Ah, that makes a difference, said the beneficent poet; and he took up his pen and wrote this couplet:

*"Il est un Dieu, devant lui je m'incline,
Pauvre et content, sans lui demander rien*

—que la suppression des albums.

BERANGER."

When requested to support Gen. Cavaignac for the Presidency, he replied: "I am too old to ride behind his carriage." That was his refusal.

He admired Victor Hugo's *Hernani*; but when *Le Roi s'amuse* came out, he wrote a condemnatory letter to the author about it. Hugo was incensed, and crushing the letter in his hand, exclaimed: The fool thinks I will hand his letter down to posterity, but he will be disappointed. "If that had been my idea," replied Beranger, "I would not have chosen Hugo as a medium!"

Soon after the revolution of 1848, Marrast was complaining of the dissensions in the republican party.—Beranger replied: "The true cause of differences is less a belief in the same principles, than aims at the same position;" which is the truth in regard to all political parties.

In speaking of Laffitte, the banker, Beranger remarked: Society has no right to demand of a man how he made his fortune; but so-

ciety has a right to ask what use he makes of it.

A man who was condemned to the galleys, for a term of years was afterwards found innocent and discharged. His portrait was lithographed to sell, in order to raise the means to start him in the world again. Beranger was asked to write a motto for the picture. He put his index finger to his temple, a habit with him when he wanted to think, reflected a moment, took up his pen and wrote:

*"Victime de l'erreux, le soupçon l'accompagne:
La loi qui fit ses maux ne peut y mettre fin;
Coupable, on eût nourri son infamie au bagne,
Innocent, mourra-t-il de faim?"*

Beranger did himself injustice: he said to me the day before his death: It is very hard to do good! I have spent my life trying to do good, and have not succeeded!

No man in the world of his means, was more charitable and benevolent.

His only sister was a nun: he used to visit her once a year. On one visit she said to him:

My dear brother, I pray to God for you every day.

My dear sister, don't you meddle with my business, or you will spoil every thing, was his impious answer.

Here's a good one that Beranger tells himself:

We were going to have some friends to dine with us. The young man of twenty-five, who brought the dessert from the confectionary, was engaged to be married. When I had paid him for his comfits, he said to me:

Mister, you are a song maker, ar'nt you?

Yes, my good fellow, I sometimes try to write verses.

Oh, you make a very good hand at rhyming! I know some of your songs by heart, and they are not bad.

Ah! you are disposed to flatter me!

Well, now I want you to make me a piece for my wedding occasion: do it well and I will pay you handsomely. You wrote some verses for Mr. Wilhem's wedding.

I never write wedding couplets, my boy.

Maybe you think I cant pay you? I'll give you ten francs; even fifteen, if you insist upon it.

Much obliged for your intended liberality, my friend; but indeed I have lost the inspiration.

What a pity! I am sorry for it; then I will have to find big Fleury; for ten francs, he will write me ten stanzas, I am sure; and the young man went away.

Now Fleury was a fellow who sung ballads in the streets, beating a drum as accompaniment to his voice, and dressed as a Turk or a buffoon.

During the revolution of 1848, Beranger was put on the relief committee, for the poor. It was neither a pleasant nor a profitable office, but it was one that suited a kind man like him.

One morning, as soon as he had entered the business hall, it was surrounded by hundreds of poor musicians, who had come to welcome him as their patron and benefactor. Among them were blind men, and old women and young children. He was addressed in a speech, by one of their number, and shouts of applause ascended at every mention of his name. He walked bare-headed among them, and

shook many by the hand, and spoke consoling words to others. The blind fiddlers and organ grinders requested to be led up to touch him, as they could not see him.—Some kissed his hands, and old women were glad to touch the hem of his garment with their lips.

Mothers brought their children up, and asked him to bless them: they even knelt down before him and said, your blessing will make us happy.

The crowd presently dispersed, singing in concert, his favorite popular song—

Les gueux, les gueux, sont des gens heureux!

Such was the respect and veneration the people had for Beranger. It is not expressed by orations and set speeches, as among the educated, but by shouts of joy and tears of tenderness.

This was one of the happiest days of the respected poet's life.

On another occasion he was passing the *Closerie des Lilas*, a public dancing hall, with a companion, and they stepped in to see the sport, supposing they would not be recognized, but he had hardly entered when he heard a whisper, "There's Beranger! that's Beranger!"

It was soon rumored through the room that the popular lyric poet was present: the dancing ended and the music ceased: young men shook him by the hand and young women pressed up to kiss him: he was forced to leave the room.—Some of the ladies actually shed tears, and others wanted to load him with their bouquets of flowers.

"Yes, it was pleasant to me; but it deprived me of the pleasure of seeing them dance, said the poet."

These touching evidences of admiration from young people, must have been very gratifying to him.

One day Lamartine was waiting for a boat, in a hut, on lake Geneva, when he picked up a book of songs and opened it at random without noticing the title. He had never met Beranger, but disliked his reputation and sedulously avoided him. The first song he encountered was, *Le Voyageur*; then he read, *Le bon Vieillard*; and before he finished, his eyes were moist with tears.

He had a prejudice against Beranger and would never read his songs, he said they were disgraceful. He called on Beranger, the first opportunity, and the two poets were warm friends forever after.—Beranger likes to tell that anecdote himself.

Beranger is accused of atheism and here is one of his prettiest little songs which is quoted as an example of it. True, there is much levity in all, or most of his compositions, but no impiety. Here is the little *chanson*:

*Je n'ai pas d'or, mais tresor plus cher
encor*

*Me console et m'enivre :
J'ai la gaieté, j'ai la santé,
Qui valent mieux que l'immortalité.*

*Quand on est mort, c'est pour long temps,
Dit un viel adage fort sage :*

*Employons donc bien nos instants, et
contents,
Narguons la faux du temps.*

General Sebastiani, Secretary of War, was sick, and Beranger went to pay him a friendly visit.

Sebastiani told him he wanted to leave him a legacy, but as he had refused a bequest from Manuel, his dearest friend, he was afraid he would refuse his; but I have 200 thousand francs in money, and I want you to take half of the sum now: I cannot die and leave you poor; we must take care of our friends, we must provide for them.

Beranger refused the gift, as he had refused the legacy: he would accept nothing for himself, though he was always poor.

He afterwards wrote:

*"Un ministre vent m'enrichir !
Gardez vos dons, je suis peureux."*

"COME BACK SOON."

I.

'Twas then she cried, as late I bore,
My footsteps from this happy shore;
And still within mine ear,
"Oh! come back soon," fond memory sings,
Until my dreaming spirit brings,
The form that spoke it, near.

II.

And doth her bosom still inspire,
As spake her lips, the dear desire,
And at the night's deep noon,
Doth she, with straining eye explore,
Where roves my form, that foreign shore,
And murmur—"Come back soon?"

SCENES IN THE FLORIDA WAR.

NO. II.

"How many wounded have we?"

"Not one has more than a flesh wound," replied Dummett. "Why what could the Indians do with you on their flank, and us in their front; if it had been so planned it could not have been better."

"Lucky, indeed," said S.

"Now Dummett leave me ten men, and take the rest of the party as far up the hollow as you can go not to be seen from this place, and there rest the weak and most fatigued, whilst you make up five or six large fires.

"Let your men go freely to the lake side for water, and at the sound of my bugle, move across the trail on which you came, into the one from Volusia. When you are fairly on it, send Ben back, by way of the fires to me.

Tell him to say, no matter in whose presence he may find me, that Gen. Hernandez orders me to lie in ambush near this crossing, to cut off any of King Philip's men, who may escape from Col. Butler's mounted regiment.

"Tell him to say that he has news from Fort King. That the Georgians will reinforce that place, and that we shall not cross the Ocklewaha. Stay, if you can find pencil and paper, write the order, and send it by him. As soon as you have done this push for Volusia.

"We will rest after a little, my lads," said S. to the men who had been left; "but first bring in every dead and wounded Indian."

"You mean bring in every wounded one dead, don't you?" said Dick.

"Not exactly. Handle them carefully, and remember some of these fellows understand English, and for fear of their catching a word, say nothing. Be quick."

"Well," said Dick, as the Lieutenant flung himself on the ground, "this fairly beats me. I suppose you are going to stay and nurse these devils until they are well."

"No, I am going to send them home."

"Whew! not by me, I hope, Lieutenant."

"No. Ben and I will fix that.—My idea is this: If I leave their dead and wounded here, the rest will re-cross to look them up; the next thing will be to get on our trail, and worse than that to get Philip there too."

"Now if I give them up these, they will have no inducement to come over, and besides they shall carry a message that will give them enough to do, to get their own women and children out of the way.

"By this I shall shake off Ya Ha Hadgo's tribe entirely. Our only trouble will then be to get through any parties Ocoola may have out near Picolata."

"Most of these men are wounded beyond my poor powers to help them," said Dick, giving water to such as wished it, as the men brought them in, near to the crossing.

"Here is a noble looking fellow, whose leg I think I can attend to, probably better than his own people could, so help him I must—not that I love an Indian, but see how firmly he bears his pain and trouble.

"That youngster, at this moment, is equal to any Spartan or Roman of them all."

The Lieutenant aided Dick, as the others were engaged in bringing in the dead, whom they placed a little out of sight of the wounded.

"Eleven killed, five badly wounded, a bitter day for the tribe of the Crazy Wolf," said S., as his bugle rang out a lively call whose notes seemed taken up and carried far away over the placid waters of the lake, by the answering sounds from Dummett.

In about an hour's time, attention was attracted to some one approaching the party.

"How Ben," cries the Lieutenant, "what now?"

"Some troops just arrived, Sir, with orders from Gen. Eustis."

"What! Gen. Eustis in the field? Why I did not expect him to leave Charleston for a month yet," said S., tearing open the paper.

"Hurrah for good news, my lads, the Georgians are to reinforce Fort King, and scour the country on the other side of the Ocklewaha.

"We are not to cross, but to watch this side for any of King Philip's people who may get clear of Butler's mounted men. Ben do look at the dead, the government is anxious to know if the Creeks are with the Florida tribes.

"Ya Ha Hadgo," with the mournfully soft accent of an Indian, burst from Ben's lips, as his eye lit upon the noble chest and finely formed limbs of one of them.

"Coi Hadgo," said Ben, as attracted by a sudden motion of Dick's wounded man, at hearing his chief and relative named as among the dead.

A start, a suppressed cry as of pain, and he took Ben's offered hand, with the same easy grace, as

if he welcomed him, as he often had done in peace.

"Ben," said S., "tell this youngster to call over some of his people. I shall give them up their dead and wounded.

"A whoop and white flag will bring them," says Ben, suiting his actions to the word. "There are sharp eyes on you when you least expect it in this country."

In fact his halloo had hardly died away, when it was answered at no great distance, and two active boys ran down to the landing.

A few words from Ben explained the intention of the whites towards them, and canoes enough were soon brought over, to place on the left bank of the river, all of both parties.

So soon as the Indians had removed their dead and wounded, so unexpectedly delivered to them, Lieut. S. ordered Ben to take four of the canoes down the Ocklewaha for a few miles; hide them on the right bank, and with the party he guided, strike the Volusia trail, along which Dummett had passed.

Dick was ordered to take the rest of them up the lake, to the rear of the place where Dummett's fires were still burning.

He was to leave one man in the canoes for a time, apparently fishing, replenish the fires, and at the end of an hour follow on after Dummett. He first placed Lieut. S. and one man on the right bank where the two loitered for some time and then walked slowly away from the river, as if to meet a party they had seemed to be expecting.

To the Indians who no doubt watched these movements, the east side of the lake and right bank of the river for some miles, seemed as if occupied by the whites. They regarded King Philip's people as doomed, and were only too glad to have over heard the report of the

movements of the Georgians, and to escape these, they now bent every energy.

The Lieutenant had gone about a mile when, with his companion, he threw himself down on the edge of a dense thicket, from whence he had as good a view as could be obtained. His small spy-glass was in constant use, either in his own hands or those of his companion. Freed from the weight of pack, haversack and canteen, slowly eating their scanty stock of hard biscuit, one would have thought them two fatigued, unsuccessful hunters, as they lounged and watched. The Lieutenant had evidently undertaken to provide for the security of the rear of his party. The defeat of the Indians, the loss of their canoes, the apparent occupation of their country by the whites, the threatened approach of the Georgians on their own side of the river, these were troubles for the Indians; but Lieut. S. looked not to them, for the safety of himself and his people.

He relied rather on patient, never-tiring watchfulness and vigorous action.

At the end of two hours, resuming their accoutrements and taking one last, searching look, he closed his glass with the remark, that he could give no more attention to dangers from that side, but must now look to those before them.

With this object, they rapidly pursued the trail towards Volusia.

Having followed it for about two miles the attention of S.'s companion was attracted to some palmetto leaves, which he noticed here and there along their path.

"These leaves seem strange to me, Lieutenant, we have not passed a Palmetto for more than a mile. It looks as if they meant something."

"So they do," said S., picking up one as they walked. "This leaf

tells me that Dick passed here at one o'clock."

"How do you know the time, Sir?"

"By the one cut on its side.—The Indians in front of a party of whites, leading them on a false trail, frequently signal to those in their rear, by means of leaves, sticks, berries, &c., over which the whites pass heedlessly, instead of lying in ambush to see how their foes read their lessons.

Indian warfare has never been deemed worthy of study by our countrymen. The few reputations made by it, have been rather for display of courage and hardihood, than for the patient use of those other qualities so necessary in it.

Washington sighed to enter the field in the right direction when he wrote to a friend, "If I could have my way, I would leave every thing here and go through the woods as free as the lightest Indian of them all."

Individuals have been formed by it, with all the military virtues which the Indian possesses; but we have never had a corps of a thousand men, who were, individually, what the Indians are, and who were, what they should have been collectively, with our more perfect mechanical skill and scientific military knowledge.

All the soldiers in Europe would by their movements, but afford subjects of mirth for the squaws of these swamps and hammocks.—Five hundred men thoroughly prepared as they should be for this service with a little assistance, from vessels around the coast, would in one winter, bring their warriors to their senses."

"And these oak leaves are, I suppose, Sir, from Ben's party?"

"Yes, and right glad am I to see them. Now I wish we were up with Dummett's party."

Earnestly pursuing their way, ere long he had his wishes. His anxieties were in no degree lessened by finding himself surrounded by all of his command, and the rescued captives. Many of his own men could scarcely drag themselves along, and as for the women and children, it seemed as if each step would be their last. A few had in fact given out, and were carried on litters. The *St. John's* was some miles distant, and night was coming on. It was a fearful thing for that weary band, to give rest to the soles of their feet in those dark forests. With a sad heart, Lieut. S. prepared for a night in the woods, when he had hoped to have passed it comparatively safe, on the broad *St. Johns*.

Hastily taking his resolution, he sent forward Dummett with three good men, to meet the two from Spring Gardens with the canoes.

Dummett was in the morning to go over to the plantation at Volusia, for a supply of sweet potatoes and sugar cane, for they were nearly famished.

Two men in front and rear and on either flank, took distance about one quarter of a mile, and halting when the main body did, watched with earnest care until after dark, when they drew in to within about fifty yards.

The two in front and rear lay near, but not on the trail. The main body itself, had been removed to some distance from it. There was no stately tread of sentinel to point out that little camp to prowling Indian watchers, and guarded alike, lay blended with their pine trash bed. A touch from the sentinel waked the relief at his side.

Just before day, Lieut. S. caused the whole party to be roused and with as little noise as possible, they were once more on the road. The sun was not more than an hour

high when they were met by the two men from the river with a few fish they had caught and cooked the day before, and they were cheered by the assurance, that within two hours they would be safe in the canoes.

We cannot picture the joy of the party when they found themselves, as they did by 12 o'clock, on the broad and beautiful *St. Johns*.—The receding hills of Volusia on their right, the limped waters of the river, the rich and varied foliage of the forest which hung over its banks, the bright sunshine and balmy air of that region, formed a scene so peaceful that even the most timid felt at ease. The sharp crack of the rifle, the war-whoop, and death scream could not break in upon so much of quiet beauty.

Even Lieut. S., watchful as he continued to be, was content with sending a canoe in advance. Dick in charge of her, had with him Ben, one of the Floridians, and three of the rifles.

The whole party landed for about an hour, cooked their evening meal and floated safely down stream during the night.

They did the same in the morning for breakfast.

It was Lieut. S.'s intention to reach Picolata during the second night, when, even if Ocoola held the place and country, they still could hope to pass by unnoticed, and so continue on, until they could safely land, and come in on the north side of *St. Augustine*.

It was right pleasant to those in the first canoe, to listen to the chat between Dick and Ben.

The adventures of each were strange to the other, and of both, to the rest of the party.

Ben knew Ocoola; and every thing about him, was listened to with intense interest.

At about one o'clock, as the river

made a sudden bend a few miles above where Pilatka now stands, Dick exclaimed, "what a place for a trader's post! What a bluff! with such a grove of live oaks, and almost an island too. How easily one could shut out a party when they got drunk."

"As they always do," said Ben, "when they have large gatherings for ball play, &c., and can get the liquor; but you have an eye for such matters, Mr. Dick."

"That very spot was a famous trading post when the Spaniards had this country, and even when I was a boy I have seen thousands camped just in yonder, and many is the hide and deer skin, to say nothing of ponies and oranges, I have seen got for next to nothing here."

"You see the waters from Orange and Dunn's lake come in not far above us, and a right good place it was."

People said the old Spaniard, who last traded there, had been a pirate. He had two small ships, guns and more blunderbusses, pistols and cutlasses, than rifles. He and his men could use them too, and more than once they had it to do; but it was more against the Miccasukies and the distant tribes than those in his neighborhood that he had to guard.

"How well those Miccasukies love fight! Savage. I had rather have some good St. Augustine oysters here now, than to hear one of their yells."

"Yon—. Hush," says Ben, clipping short what he was saying. "A canoe! edge in to the left under the bank! we may hide, and work back before they see us."

"One canoe! yes six," said Dick, "and too late at that, those fellows see us."

"Back at once my lads. We

must alarm the Lieutenant and try to reach the Spaniards old post."

Straining every nerve, and shouting defiance to their pursuers, they soon alarmed the others.

Quickly surmising the nature of the case, S. hastily turned the bows of his canoes up stream, and was urging their flight as Dick came within hail.

"Make for the knoll with the live oaks," cried the latter.

"I marked the spot," said S.

"Try your rifle, Dick; the foremost of those fellows come on at such a rate we shall never reach there."

Well might they strive, for the sight of their boats and their shouts had brought every canoe into the chase, and a hundred sinewy arms urged them to their utmost.

"Bear her away to the left, run her ashore at that opening," cried Dick, laying down his rifle for his paddle. "I never could shoot from a boat in motion, and those fellows must be stopped."

A moment almost sufficed for this, and to leap on shore and fire from firm ground, scarce required another.

This told with such marked effect on those in the foremost boat, that the others edged away to the opposite side of the river.

The Lieutenant's party inclining to the left, were soon under the guns of their friends, who ranged the bank.

Foiled in their attempt to overtake the fugitives on the water, the Indians slowly returned down the stream.

"Back for our boat," cried Dick to his men. "It will never do to let them have the encouragement of a first success, however trifling. Indians are like some wild beasts: Avoid their first spring, and they

will crouch themselves for a better effort."

The canoe was not worth to the Indians a dozen lives, and more than that number must have fallen ere they could cross the river in the face of those who lined its right bank.

One man sufficed to paddle her up close in shore, as the Indians went slowly down on the other.

Believing the whole party firmly in their toils, the yells of the Indians were uttered with fiendish exultation.

The very air seemed filled with cruelty. One good American hurrah told them, however, that they had men before them, who gloried in the result of this first trial, and who were ready for them to the bitter end.

"They will go down to their camp and pass all hands over to this side," said Ben.

"They have two miles to go.—An hour's work for them," said Dick. "It will be 3 o'clock before we have them about us. Night may save us, but here we are at the knoll."

About three acres in extent, a deep cut had made it artificially an island at one time. This had filled up with mud. The causeway remained, and the bridge, some fifteen feet across, had entirely decayed.

A person standing in what had been the ditches, at the place where the bridge had rested on the mainland side, was protected by its depth of about five feet; and across the causeway at this place, the Lieutenant had promptly drawn one of his light canoes.

Raising it on some old bricks, a dozen men could fire underneath it with a good rest, and much security. Flanking this, but on the knoll, he drew up on either side, two other canoes. Over these he placed some

drift logs, raised just high enough above them for the men to use their rifles under the logs. The base of an old chimney near the centre, a cellar somewhat filled up, and the live oaks were the only other defences offered. Brush, moss, &c., were freely used as blinds. The women and children were made to lie down in the canoes just under the bank. The Lieutenant took his post behind the chimney, having first knocked a hole through the back of it large enough to give him a good view of every part on the land side. The other was open to him.

He had scarcely taken his position when Dick, who had posted himself in the old cellar, called out:

"Lieutenant, if I have time, and you will allow me, I should like to take three or four men who can swim and take post in the hole made by the uprooting of that large tree on the mainland, up stream, about a hundred yards from the men at the causeway. I can hide the canoe close by it.

"It will flank their approach, we can take part in the fight at any moment, and we may surprise them when we do."

"But how will you get back, Dick? You could not defend yourself five minutes, after they knew your whereabouts and numbers."

"Leave that to me, Lieutenant."

"Do as you like," said S. "It may delay them, and nothing but night will save us."

Dick with his party were soon in their places.

The defence which offered had been made the most of. Every thing was quiet save the low talk of a few who shared caps, powder, patches or balls with their comrades. Even this soon ceased and a silence almost painful prevailed.

To how many happy spots did the thoughts of the silent ones on

that knoll go forth. Spots soon to be darkened by the recital of the terrible struggle in which they must now engage.

The men who stood in square at Waterloo, have been counted as soldier heroes. The deeds of the men who lay silent behind their slight defences were scarcely known of in their native State, and a short lapse of twenty years has almost wiped it from the knowledge of those who now live near the scene.

Such is military fame. Here had been an eye to note, action to seize, and skill to make the most of the slight means offered. Was more required to form square at Waterloo? Frantic despair, may fire at random, by orders, or stand firm, with the bayonet, when surrounded by squadrons of cavalry; but the courage required here was of a higher kind. The skill and knowledge of the individual must be superior. Here there could be no excitement, perfect coolness, must hold the rifle, and touch the hair-trigger, or death must come to all.

A few moments only had been allowed for thought, when over the gently rising ground, through the pine trees the Indians were seen approaching. They came on at a run, lead by a chief of lithe and active form.

As he came opposite the causeway and at about two hundred yards from the old bridge he stopped, extending both arms, and raised the dreaded war-whoop.

Making the woods hideous with it, his followers spread themselves on either side, and in a moment the earth had seemed to have received them.

Then came a silence which was painful. There is nothing in the war-whoop of the Indian to chill one's heart, when you feel that you meet him fairly. It rather rouses, than intimidates. But no man who

ever heard it in anger, can doubt its terrific effect upon the defenceless. It seemed to number the hours of all on that knoll.

Ben was the first to break the silence:

"Oceola, with five hundred at his back"

"Steady, my lads, not a motion without my word," and Lieut. S.'s voice rang out clear as a trumpet. It played upon the very nerves of his men, and he meant it should.

S. was by no means one of the best shots. He was a safe one. He carried a rifle, but scarce gave it thought, on ordinary occasions. He determined here, to take the first shot into his own hands. He intended it to tell. Moreover his rifle, which was made for himself in North Carolina, carried a heavier ball than the average, and then the sights, arranged to his own order, made him the safer shot, at the greater than usual distance that the fight must open at. His piece leaned yet against the chimney; but his glass was in his hand.

"The rascals lie close, not a shadow can I see. Ha! I have one," said he exchanging glass for rifle, and now every man is watching him.

"Do you see those three pines together? About fifty yards from them is a bunch of moss on a broken branch. Watch it." Almost as he spoke his rifle rang out and the first death scream answered.

The Indian yell and the Saxon hurrah mingled wildly. In a moment Oceola had bounded into the spot his unfortunate follower had died to reach. A lively call of triumph, and a hundred dark forms had gained shelter near him, a few shots were lost by the too quick, and the fight was begun.

The rapid motion of the advance, or his dash of Scotch blood, had so roused the chief, that for a moment

S. thought he would rush in upon them. Had all been Ocoolas, they would; but it is hard for a leader to make careless people wary or wary ones reckless. Besides, the men under the causeway, in a marked manner, reserved their fire, and Dummett kept them ready for a rush. Those in the cellar and behind the oaks could reload before a rush could reach them.

The Indian rifle carried about eighty balls to the pound, giving the advantage to the whites, at even the lessened distance.—Scarce one of their shots missed.—It was evident to the Indians that at this practice, they had met their superiors. This, and the fact that so few of the whites had opened their fire, decided Ocoola to try the tomahawk and knife.

Every change of position carried another and another warrior near to him, until Dummett saw that his trial was at hand.

Twelve to fifty, hand to hand, was fearful odds.

"As you fire leave your rifles where they lay," cried S., "and spring on them with pistol and knife."

"Remember the girls in the boats!" said Dummett, and it made his twelve men more than fifty.

At this moment, Dick's well known cry rang out, and his deadly rifle told, followed by the rest, and 'load and fire quick' was then the play, for the Indians were fairly exposed to them. In avoiding this danger, they gave a good chance to those in the cellar, and about the oaks, and even Dummett's party poured in a volley as they saw Ocoola and those about him move back to evade this unexpected danger.

So much attention was drawn to Dick's party, that Lieut. S. was fearful they could not escape. He was relieved in a moment when he saw

the canoe move out of the bushes, Dick and his men under its side. An angry volley patted canoe and water harmlessly, and in a moment they were safely in the cellar.

The triumph of the whites was of short duration, for in following Dick to the edge of the river some had found safe places from whence they could get shots into the rear of Dummett's men. Several were struck and the place became at once untenable.

They sprang back to the knoll and the Indians came on like tigers.

Encouraged by another like success, and that small distance of open space would be passed with a bound. Furious were the shouts, rapid the shots, for recklessness on both sides gave more and more frequent opportunities.

In vain did S. try to bring his men to their senses. Maddened at the impetuous approach of the Indians, they seemed to be more ready than they to be at work with their knives.

Lieut. S. well knew that this could not last.

His men were fast falling and under no control.

At this moment he felt his arm touched by a soft hand, and turning, was startled at seeing Maj. H.'s eldest daughter.

"Miss Mary! You here?"

"Yes, sir, and there will be others here too, soon, or my ears deceive me."

"How?"

"As I lay in the canoe, I heard a Steamboat's wheel over the water, and there must be troops on board."

"No, I am not mistaken. I have often heard it for miles on the ocean, at evening, on Sullivan's Island; but look! see their canoes are flying, and there go their rifles."

"The old Santee, and the Richland Rifle Corps. I see their grey

hunting shirts," said S., dropping his glass.

"Down boys, down, and shout for the old Santee."

The startling report of her swivel was the first intimation to Oceola, and the most closely engaged of the Indians, of the steamer's approach.

With a wild howl of despair, they leaped quick to cover, as the shot from her gun went crashing through the woods.

Keeping on her way, the Santee rather run over to the other side, and for a moment seemed to the Indians, as if seeking only her own safety.

A Saxon shout of cheer, rising from those on the knoll, came echoed back as if from the infernal regions, as deceived by the motion of the steamer, the Indians sprang forward like fiends.

"Every man to the causeway," shouted S., suiting the action to his word.

"Die for it. Die for it," was the cry of others. The thirst for blood, hope, despair, had so roused both sides that there seemed to be no longer men. Demon, would have met demon. But quick as were their motions, quicker was the steamer's shot, as rounding and coming in on the upper side of the knoll, she threw it into the midst of the rushing savages.

Her bows scarce touched the mud, when down went her temporary bulwarks, and over them the

gallant Elmore led a hundred bright bayonets. A few tasted blood, a few scattering shots were thrown in by quick eyes and hands, and the Seminole had fought his last fight on the right bank of the St. Johns.

Victory hovered over the knoll; but death had strewed its soil.

Some had passed away. Woman's tender care was giving aid to others; but there was many a doomed sufferer around whom brave men gathered sadly.

Many a kind message to the dear ones far away overcame those who received to bear them.

So long as victory bring scenes like these, well may Americans require of their rulers, to have right on their side.

Capt. Elmore's Company was carried to Volusia.

The captives were returned to their friends, and the wounded cared for by them.

The dead rest in a burial ground west of St. Augustine.

The rifle of the writer mingled its report with others as they were laid in their last resting place.

So much of self sacrifice and manly duty well performed, had caused and hallowed their deaths, that we saw no gloom in the graves where we buried them.

Never more than by the side of those graves did we realize the truth of the thought,

"It is sweet to die for one's country."

THE WATER OAK.

How nobly does it spread—

The Water Oak, whose hemispheric head,
Presents the likeness of a glorious grove,
Waved o'er the broad Savannah."

UNPUBLISHED REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

NO. III.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUTLEDGE.

IX.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Cheraw, Jan'y 14, 1781.

Gent: Genl. du Portail not having yet set off, I have taken back the enclosed, (which I had committed to his charge,) in order to send 'em with greater despatch by this express, and to acknowledge the receipt yesterday of your letter of the 12th ult. I am glad to find that Holland and Portugal have acceded to the League of neutrality, and that a Flag was at last about to sail for Chas. Town; it will shew our friends there that they are not totally forgotten, though the trifle of 4000 dollars for the officers (not I believe above 15 per man) is not worth mentioning. I still think the Board of War have been exceedingly inattentive about procuring hard money. I hope the accounts you have respecting the Eagle's prize are true, and that it is valuable; if so a fund may arise from it, as well for supplying you with some money as procuring necessaries on account of the State for our fellow-soldiers and citizens in captivity, whose condition is truly deplorable. If Jones should arrive with the articles expected, I hope you will not fail to obtain our due proportion of them. I presume you will have received intelligence, ere now, of the enemy's arrival in Virginia. I should have been very glad to learn that Messrs. Joiner and Rochambaut were close at their heels. The former object of Cornwallis to make a junction

between the troops in Virginia and those in S. Carolina, will be now re-attempted. I wish I could see a greater and better force embodied and properly prepared to oppose them. I hope to hear from you soon in answer to my letters from Salisbury, Charlotte and this place.

I am with great Regard, Gent.

Yr. most obd't Serv't,

J. RUTLEDGE.

The Delegates of So. Carolina in Congress.

X.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Cheraw, Jan. 24, 1781.

Gent: Inclosed you will receive an account of the late action between Col. Tarlton and the brave Genl. Morgan, in which the former was totally defeated. The General will send a more circumstantial one, and the bearer Major Giles, who was in the engagement, will give you any particulars which I may in haste have omitted. I hope this fortunate affair will produce some good effect, but our friends must not be too sanguine, and conclude that we have now no need of assistance. Certainly this is a very handsome check, but nothing decisive. We have still many to fight and great difficulties to encounter. This country must be recovered (if ever it is regained) inch by inch. The enemy's pride will prevent their yielding it in any other manner. Their interest

would also hinder them, for they have experienced and know full well its value. I am persuaded that Lord Cornwallis will immediately call hither the troops which are in Virginia, but what succour we may have from that State to oppose them is uncertain, probably trifling. I am convinced that the enemy will not abandon the country and retreat to Charles Town until it is, or about to be besieged, nor will they quit the town until they can hold it no longer. They are building a large strong fort at Hampstead, 2 Redoubts, one on each side of the main Road, to be commanded by the fort, and a fort on Hangman's point. To give the finishing stroke to the business, we must have considerable support, both naval and military, from our ally; pray use your utmost influence and endeavours to obtain it speedily. Why do the French Fleet and Army remain at Rhode Island? What is become of the Second Division? I wish a Minister had been sent to France last November or October. I can't account for such constant delays, and fear much that this year will pass away as the last did, without any thing of consequence being done by us. I received on Saturday last your letters of Dec. 20 and 24, and observe what you mention about a proclamation, but I would have any which it might be proper to issue, carried into effect, and the time for so doing is not yet quite arrived. You will receive by this opportunity copies of the letters which have passed between Gen. Greene and Lord Cornwallis. I can't see any material difference between the letter which we charge him with writing to Balfour and what he acknowledges writing to Cruger, and if his copy is genuine the differences between that and your copy are probably only clerical errors, without

design, for they certainly do not vary the sense. I think his Lordship avows sufficient to establish his character to be very different from what Sir H. Clinton declares it to be. However, pray have the letters published by order of Congress. His Lordships letters to Smallwood and Gen. Greene are so open to comment, that without doubt they will not escape many striking ones. I wish you would send on cloathing for the troops now here as soon as possible, and a quantity of spare cloaths which would perhaps procure recruits. It is useless to send men naked into the field; many present are literally so, and consequently unfit for any service. I have no expectation that the Garrison of Charles Town (the citizens at least, and particularly such as have been sent to St. Augustine,) will be relieved by any exchange here. I am told by good authority that Lord C. has declared he will not exchange 'em; you will therefore endeavour to effect an exchange through the negotiations between Gen. Washington and Clinton, though the prospects of that's terminating appears very distant, especially if it is to depend on the settlement of the accounts for prisoners on both sides. This will ***** delay. If both parties are in earnest, the exchange must not be delayed till a settlement of accounts, (for the delay will only add to the expense,) but hostages might be given to secure payment of whatever Balance commissioners to be now appointed should liquidate. You will attend to and press this matter, (and press this matter,) and also to having our prisoners in C. Town well supplied during their captivity, if a release from it can not be soon effected. Should overtures for peace be made, (of which I confess I have no idea in any short time,) I assure myself

that the proposition of *uti possidetis*, will be absolutely rejected without a moment's consideration.

* * * * *

[The bottom of the leaf on which are contained the fifth and sixth pages of the original, having been cut off, doubtless by some one who desired to possess an autograph signature of the illustrious writer, a small hiatus occurs, which, however, does not appear to affect the general sense of the letter.]

XI.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Hillsborough, Feb. 10, 1781.

Gent: On the 1st instant Lord Cornwallis crossed the Catawba at McGowan's ford, and our troops under Gen. Morgan retreated to and crossed the Yadkin, at the ford of which the enemy arrived the next evening; fortunately the River was so high that they could not cross it. Our troops, which were at Cheraw, by forced marches and after great fatigue, (several with naked, bleeding feet on stony ground,) effected a junction in the evening of the 7th, with the other camp at Guilford Court House, about 45 miles from hence, where our army was yesterday morning, and I imagine they are still there. The enemy lay, the night before last, at the shallow ford on the Yadkin, about 40 miles from our army.—Genl. Davidson was killed on the Catawba; Sumpter is not well enough to take the field; Pickens has some militia and is endeavouring to assemble more in the enemy's rear, but our situation is truly critical, for our army is not strong enough to fight the enemy, and perhaps they may not be able to avoid an action; should they be beaten, the consequence will be fatal; should they retreat and give up the country, it may be difficult to recover what we hold at present.

I am, however, satisfied that the General will take the wisest part; but what that will be, circumstances must determine; our present prospect is, however, gloomy. It is reported that the Pennsylvania Line are on their march to the Southward. Would to God they were now here; the face of affairs would soon change. I wish they may not come too late. The Legislature of this State did not meet till about the 26th ult. They are preparing a Bill to raise their quota of Continental troops for 20 months, by draught, (if necessary,) about the middle of March. Such a measure should have been adopted last session. About a fortnight ago Col. Lee surprised Georgetown, took the Commandant Lt. Col. Campbell, killed Major Brown, and took several prisoners. Young Cruger, a brother of the Captain, lately, with 16 of our Militia, took 46 British Prisoners on the West side of Santee, with a considerable number of wagons and horses, and a large quantity of salt and other stores; he destroyed what he could not bring off, and has conveyed his prisoners in safety to the Eastward of Peedee. Marion, by the last accounts from him, was at or near Dorchester; he is destroying the enemy's stores down the country, and beating up their quarters in different places; this may have some good effect, and convince his Lordship that whilst he is making a new campaign he is losing the old. Cornwallis burnt a great number of his wagons, and had prepared for a most rapid march, but a heavy rain swelled the River and checked his progress. About 12 days ago, 3 or 400 British troops took possession of Wilmington. Six of the towns-people left it, the rest received the enemy with three Huzzas. I refer you to the General's despatches to Congress

for further particulars. The express being anxious to proceed, I will not detain him longer than to press my repeated recommendations that you will exert yourselves, with unremitting attention, to procure speedy and effectual aid for the complete recovery of the Southern States.

I am with great Esteem, Gent.

Your most obd't Serv't,

J. RUTLEDGE.

The Delegates of S. Carolina.

disposition. Our Army re-crossed the Dan this day fortnight, and have been several days and now are within twelve miles of Cornwallis; but we shall move presently. Nothing of any consequence has happened between the two Armies.

I am with great Esteem, Gent.

Your most obd't Serv't,

J. RUTLEDGE.

P. S. I hope the Pennsylvania Line are far advanced on their march to join the Southern Army. The Delegates of S. Carolina in Congress.

XII.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Camp on Haw River, }
March 8, 1781. }

Gent: Since my last to you from Hillsborough, I have received several of your favours; but will say nothing on the subject of them at present, as I propose to set off the day after to-morrow for Philadelphia. Having made the necessary military arrangements for South Carolina, and not seeing the prospect of getting into that country, and being unable in the present circumstances of affairs, to render any service to it by staying here, and the general thinking, I may perhaps, by going Northwardly, I have determined to comply with his wishes, and shall be happy if I can effect them.

But my journey will be very tedious, for I must supply myself with some horses on the road, (my own being worn down,) and I shall call on the Governors of N. Carolina, Virginia and Maryland in my way, to represent the situation of matters, which I believe is very different from what people think them. However, I am persuaded that if Congress and France are disposed to extricate the Southern States from their present distress, they soon may. I hope to find such a

XIII.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

High Hills of Santee, }
Aug. 6, 1781. }

Gent: This will be delivered by Capt. Thompson, to whom I refer you for a full account of matters this way. I have issued Commissions of the Peace, and qualified some Magistrates for each District. I have also circulated a proclamation against plundering, which has prevailed to a great degree, and I am in hopes we shall put an immediate stop to it. I would have issued special Commissions of oyer and terminer to hold Courts in the several Districts, but for want of the Judges and Attorney General, business could not be conducted as well as I would wish to have it. I have wrote by this opportunity, requesting 'em to come on immediately, and shall* postpone issuing the Commissions until their arrival, unless they make a longer stay than I hope they will, in which case I must make temporary appointments to these offices, but this I hope they will render unnecessary by coming soon. I think the circumstances of the State admit of electing a legislature; but as it

would be injurious to exclude our worthy friends lately prisoners in St. Augustine and Charles Town, from a share in the Legislature, (which might probably be the case if one was immediately called,) and injurious to the publick to deprive it of their abilities and services, I have determined to postpone issuing writs of election for a while, and until they or most of 'em arrive. However, several laws are absolutely necessary, and the having the Legislative as well as the Executive and Judicial Authority operating in its full and proper extent throughout the State, would have a great effect on our affairs, particularly abroad. I therefore wish most anxiously to have an Assembly elected, and sitting as soon as possible. You will be pleased to press the Gentlemen of the Council and such other gentlemen with you as were members of the last Assembly, to come hither with the utmost expedition. I imagine the gentlemen of the Council have already set out, and therefore I do not write to them. However, you will communicate this matter to them if still with you, and to such other gentlemen as are at or near Philadelphia; pray have 'em accommodated with what may be necessary for bringing 'em on; any expense on that score shall be speedily reimbursed by means of Indigo, which I hope to be able to send soon to Philadelphia. We are in very great want of arms. I request, therefore, that you will not fail to procure and send on (if they are not already sent,) the arms and other articles about which I wrote to you by Phil. Will the day I left Philadelphia; and pray forward the cloathing which Gillon may bring as soon as possible, and inform me what other articles his cargo consists of. I request to hear from you by every opportunity, and to receive the

earliest intelligence of all material occurrences, particularly European.

I am with great Regard, Gent.

Your obd't Serv't,

J. RUTLEDGE.

P. S. Be pleased to send me 4 or 5 sets of the Articles of Confederation, Treaties with France, Constitutions, &c., which are bound up together in a Volume. The Delegates of S. Carolina.

XIV.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Congaree, Mrs. Mottes, }
Sept. 7, 1781. }

Gentlemen: I request that you will send, as soon as possible, either by express, to the Marquis de la Fayette, with a request that he would forward them to me with the utmost expedition, or by express directly to me, all the resolutions of Congress which it may be necessary to lay before the Legislature; probably they may not arrive by the time one may be convened; but they may come before it adjourns; at any rate, however, send them as quickly as you can. I don't recollect any which will be wanted, except the Resolve recommending the States to empower Congress to lay a duty of Five per cent. on all imports, but there may be others which require the Legislature's deliberation; you will send all such. Also the Act of Assembly passed by Pennsylvania in consequence of the Recommendation of Congress about the Five per cent. duty. Be pleased to send likewise the newspapers from the time I left Philadelphia (June 28,) to the time of the express coming away, and continue to forward the papers regularly by every opportunity. During my late illness all those which you sent to the 28th July were carried away by visitors,

I know not by whom. We must look to the Pennsylvania Gazettes as the Fountains of Intelligence and the Groundwork of those which we shall hope soon to put forth.—Walsh is gone Northwardly, but I hear of another printer at George Town, to whom I have sent. If we can get him, the Press shall be put to work immediately.

I am Gent,
Your most obd't Serv't,
J. RUTLEDGE.
The Delegates of So. Carolina.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP.

Heroes there were, ere Agamemnon,
But Homers, no! God gave to them none;
And so they strove, but went to Tophet,
With little fame and less of profit.
In fighting, writing, striving, rhyming,
Be sure you always get the dime in;
For fame is but a cunning swindle,
To make you work another's spindle;
Beware of all who preach of glory,
They aim at but a selfish story,
And while persuading you to stalk it,
On cock-horse, each one crams his pocket.

PALMS OF FLORIDA.

How stately rise
These pompous Palms of Florida. Methinks
They tell of virtues in a rugged rind;
And firmness in misfortune; and a strength
To live on little nurture from the soil;
Yet brave the fury of each storm that roars
O'er the blue vast of yon tumultuous gulph.

LOVE AND HATE.—IMPROMPTU.

The noblest of virtues are Love and Hate,
Fitted well with each other to mate;
To strengthen the brain and cherish the blood,
Hate of the Evil and love of the Good.

SOUTHERN POETRY.—CALDWELL.*

We have had occasion to note, with great satisfaction, the frequent contributions of the Southern Muse, of late days, to the stock of American poetry. Among these, we now specially refer to the volume, recently issued from the press, by Mr. Howard H. Caldwell. This gentleman is a native of our State, and of a well known and highly distinguished family of the up-country. He has already appealed, with some degree of success, to the public, in a similar volume, published a year or two ago. In the interim he has done us the honor of making our own pages the medium for his occasional contributions to the press. We are indebted to his talents and courtesy for several articles, among which were some views, especially good, upon modern French literature. These were in prose, in a style equally lucid, graceful, compact, showing thought, taste and education. Mr. Caldwell, by the way, is not only a gentleman of classical education, but also—which is something better—of classical taste. He is a student of the Muse, *con amore*, entertains the proper ambition for performance, and with due diligence, devotion to his Art, and constant reference to the best standards, will most probably arrive at future and high distinction. It is to be seen, hereafter, how far he shall comply with the requisitions of his profession, and in what degree he shall be able to avail himself of the very imperfect advantages for study, which the present state of our society, especially in the interior, affords to a purely literary pursuit. Not that he addresses

himself exclusively to poetry, or even letters. We are not positively assured of the fact, but believe that he seeks to reconcile literature with law. This, *par parenthèse*, we beg to say is a most doubtful, if not dangerous expedient. The Muses are all jealous maidens, and scarcely give their countenance, for any length of time, to the wooer who seeks them with divided heart. They may tolerate a little coquetry at the beginning of an acquaintance; but, after awhile, they require, like other young women of society, that a more exclusive and serious devotion shall follow the overtures which were first made in sport. Mere flirtations will not answer long. The lawyer who dabbles in poetry all his life, or the poet who seeks his mutton chops in law, is proverbially one who sings sighing—

“How happy could one be with either,
Were t’other dear charmer away.”

But, with two mistresses, and both in the same house, we can no more hope for a prosperous, than a peaceful household. Leaving our author to reconcile it as he may with the rival ladies, we turn to his volume, and, *in limine*, and even before we say one word as to its merits, we beg to commend it to the patronage of the public. We do so wholly irrespective of the quality of the verse. When we reflect upon the embarrassments of literature in the South, and upon the vital importance of its cultivation to the morals of a people—and reflect, farther, upon the fact that we have yet to create equally the taste, the want

* Poems by Howard H. Caldwell, Boston ; Whittemore, Niles & Hall, 1858.

and the proper models, we cannot too earnestly urge it upon our public to patronize the young beginner without too closely scrutinizing his claims to favor. We must, at the out-set, if we hope to possess the arts, take something for granted.—We must accord our countenance, heedless of the quality of the individual work which solicits it, in the hope of better things hereafter, which our encouragement shall probably bring to light. It is a saving faith, in such cases, which risks a little in advance; for of the seed sown, or the plants nurtured by our hand, if but one shall here and there bring forth proper fruit, we shall find our profit in it, and our compensation ample. We entreat, accordingly, all such persons, as generally incline to foster the inexperienced Muses of our forest country, to beware of showing themselves too chary of their patronage. Let them bestow it, frankly, on all young beginners, like the present, with hope of the possible fruits, which a timely culture may produce. The slender volume before us will not seriously tax their leisure in perusal. It is of small cost, and will not be found to weigh painfully on any attenuated pocket. And the contents, if neither Miltonic nor Shaksperian in thought and structure—nay, if absolutely wanting in many of the most important essentials of good poetry—may yet fully compensate all the sacrifices made by the reader, in its purchase and perusal. We fancy, indeed, that, though his critical taste may be sometimes startled, and at other times offended, he will yet find many things in these fugitive verses—for they are such only, and not to be rated by severe classical standards—which will recall to him the pleasant, but unregulated fancies of his own youth—will exhibit the old moon in the embrace of the young—and bring

back, even to the mature reader, some once cherished and dear illusions, which have almost faded from the horizon of memory. There will be a line, here and there, speaking from the heart of boyhood to that of age. There will be some only half-fledged fancy, tone, voice, suggestion or inquiry which shall appeal to our sympathies, perchance in defiance of all criticism, and which wisdom even will not rebuke. It is hardly possible, indeed, that the young poet in his first imperfect singing, shall not in some way penetrate to the memories of much wiser people. He sings, if he sings honestly, only from his own humanity; and the choice and secret of the poet lies in his capacity to penetrate the universal nature, and make a grateful echo to her most precious sentiments.

But, it is sufficient for us, in this place, to invoke the favor of our readers in behalf of this volume as a *native* production; as it proceeds from one of our own sons, breathing the same atmosphere—living the same life with us. Let us inquire if he has a voice for us. Does he make any echo to our sympathies, our hopes, our cares; the sort of life we lead; our peculiar landscape, skies and moral atmosphere? Is he an exponent, in song, of our fancies and imaginations? If he be, then we have reason to congratulate ourselves; for such a poet—discriminating as he must, always, in the choice of his materials—rejecting the harsh, the cold, the sterile and unseemly—will recall for us only those portions of our lives and landscapes which shall most genially appeal to memory, and thought and feeling. His eyes have opened upon the same scenes with ours; his senses have been refreshed by the same familiar prospects; he is of *our* race, and he shares, by instinct, in what is pecu-

liar to our character and sentiment ; and thus it shall be, if he obeys the rule laid down by Philip Sydney—but which Philip Sydney, unfortunately for the full success of his own muse and mission, did not himself obey—"Fool ! look into thy heart and write !"—if he looks into his own heart when he frames his song, or paints his landscape, he cannot but reflect, gratefully for us, the sweet memories, the glowing hues and colors, the bright, fresh sentiments, which harbor in our hearts, and will be there most apt to reproduce them in all their vitality, for the delight of our thoughts and fancies.

It is for this faculty, this virtue, that we are first to look, when a young poet challenges our attention to his verses. And if he be truthful in this respect, we are not to ask if he be perfectly classical ; elaborate of finish ; mature of thought, and shrewdly considerate of all the critical proprieties. We are not to look for these at the hands of any young beginner. He cannot but be crude—nay, clumsy. The classical and pure, elaborate and exquisitely proper, are fruits of long continued cultivation, and a daily accumulating experience. He must have time for these ; opportunities for the study of good models ; and much indulgence must be given him, as a duty of criticism, even where it sternly tells him in what respects he has erred or faltered. And this indulgence criticism can well afford to bestow, wherever the young poet shall exhibit those qualities which declare for his susceptibility, at once to Nature and Art. Is he capable of improvement—accessible to instruction—flexible enough for new impressions—modest enough to listen—eager to learn ; and possessed of sufficient excess of enthusiasm and fancy, to bear pruning and lopping,

and trimming, without undue loss of freshness and luxuriance ?

It may be even, that—seemingly in disregard of our maxim, which refers the poet to the *Genius Loci*, and to his own heart,—he will choose his early themes from the foreign, the remote, the antique, working among the *fossils* of a past literature, rather than cultivating the virgin flowers of a native soil and fancy. Mr. Caldwell has, in fact, done this very thing. And, however a mistake, nothing is more natural. The youth who has just left college has his head much more full of books than of life. His own genius has been curbed and subjected, even while stimulated by his studies of other poets. He naturally inclines to model himself upon them ; for the first efforts of all minds are necessarily imitative ; as imitation, under a certain guidance, is the proper first process of acquiring the use of one's own powers.—It must be remembered that the first necessity of those who sing, is the *acquisition of voice*. The poet must gain the free command of language before he can utter his own notes, however original these may be. Language is his essential medium ; and he must learn it from others, and through means of their thoughts and models. To have it in full, free possession—flexible in use, and nimble in response, at every call—is absolutely necessary to the future exercise of his own faculties. It is only in this way that he can render his own thoughts malleable ; and his own thoughts, in due degree as they are original, will be found difficult of utterance ; since all originality, in poetry as in science, demands a phraseology of its own, in accordance with the peculiar sentiments or ideas. Just as these are novel, subtle and deep, will it be found difficult to shape them into fit classical speech, unti

such a perfect mastery is had, of language, as to enable the poet to speak or sing with freedom. Till then, he will work in old materials and after old models. Hence, the beginning of all poets, the most original, have been imitative; and we must regard this as a necessity—not to be complained of—a natural and inevitable process of training, without which they never could reach independence of air, or excursiveness of flight, or variety of note, or due command of their own thoughts.

But it is in spite of all this, even where we find the poet thus imitative, and wandering off from native to foreign material, that we shall yet find him giving evidence of the influence of the *Genius Loci*, whatever be his themes. He may—the young poet of Carolina for example—may select his topics from the classical Mythologies of Greece; from the half savage individualities of Roman models; from the grotesque of the Gothic; from the mixed, ornate, confused and crowded aspects of the Byzantine; from the equal glare and mystery of the oriental; from the glowing modern Moresco, and from the recent mystical of the German. Such—one or the other—shall afford him, equally, the theme and model. And he will build his verse upon these time-worn foundations, without asking, for one moment, whether they accord with his own genius, or the atmosphere, moral or natural, in which alone he breathes. But, to the thoughtful and genial critic, these will conclude nothing against the young beginner in his early efforts. He will allow for the natural servility of a beginner, not yet assured of his own powers; and, attaching himself, for temporary support, even to a ruined and falling literature; one, at least, which, having exhausted its own resources,

is to be regarded only as furnishing studies and examples, by which other countries shall work out their own fresh germs of imagination and thought. Such a critic will see something more in the poet, even though he shows himself thus servile at the beginning, than the staleness of his themes and the timidity with which he will follow—*longo intervallo*—the decided paces of his master. He will see the latent humanity which lies temporarily buried under a labored commonplace; he will ask if there be a genial sympathy with nature, in spite of the crudenesses of the art; if the sentiment be warm and tender, and characteristic of the world in which the writer lives; if his tones be mellowed in correspondence with the sunny beauty of the sky which bends above him; in harmony with the fruits and flowers among which he walks; in keeping with the scene; and, in any degree, the exponent of that social moral which his people most acknowledge. Is there any sign of glow, of enthusiasm, of a lurking independence of mood, which seems to long to break away from its shackles? Does that muse, which has yet, for the time, chosen her own restraints so unwisely, yet betray an occasional consciousness that she walks in fetters, and does she, every now and then, seek to break away, in a free flight, and capricious movement of her own? In brief, is the sweet, true, and native humanity apparent in this young singer, through and in spite of all, the artificial restraints of verse, melody, and costume in which he habits his muse, and which belong to other periods and other countries than his own? Even as Dickens wins our homage, though dealing with squalid poverty, and crime and wretchedness, not because he shows us these—for at

these we revolt—but because he shows us the humanity under the rags—the true nature still keeping some virgin fires alight—though half smothered beneath these burdensome and degrading things of a wretched convention with which humanity is forever striving to contend, and under which she sends up a perpetual moan of complaint and appeal to man and Heaven!

Here, then, is the rule by which we are to regulate our judgments in dealing with young native poets like Mr. Caldwell. We are duly to understand the ordinary conditions under which we call them up for judgment. We are to know, first, what we have a right to require—what we should reasonably expect, and not to decide upon the performance, as a thing of itself, but with due reference to the manner in which it has been produced—by whom, under what circumstances—at what age, and through what embarrassments. Praise or blame for the book, *per se*, is not exactly, certainly, not wholly, the task before us.

"It is an easy thing to praise or blame,
The hard task and the virtue to do both."

And this because, in the case of a young beginner, we should never entirely separate the book from the author. The book may be worthless—in most such instances is—the author, however, may possess resources of worth, which, under a proper critical lead, shall produce scores of noble volumes—poems and fictions which shall ring through the souls of unborn ages, and keep the record of our own, when it shall be wholly unremembered, save through the medium of the poet. Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness" deserved all the contempt of the Edinburgh Review in that famous article, ascribed to Brougham, which drove the young poet to temporary mad-

ness. But the spirit which dictated it was wanton and malicious, and unjust, simply as it assumed, for the young poet, no other powers, in reserve, than those which the volume betrayed on the surface. The critic should have looked farther—deeper—below the surface—should have been able to trace, in numerous passages—as he might easily have done—the signs of latent resources—of faculties in possession, though wholly undeveloped, which only lacked courage for utterance; and to have discovered the germs of the imagination in many a reluctant and half-formed idea or image. He rejected the *entourage*—the accompaniments of the volume, in the characteristics—however undeveloped—of the author himself; and thus cut himself off from all possibility of a just judgment, as he would have cut off the author from all future approach to the courts of Parnassus.

Applying our standards, and according the prescribed amount of toleration, to the case of Mr. Caldwell, we are prepared to believe that he gives us a fair share of those proofs that we desire. There are the glow of youth, the warmth of a genial nature, the sympathies of a true humanity, the enthusiasm of a confiding faith, and a generous impulse, and a grateful fancy, displayed in his verses; though he too much models them upon the past, and has chosen themes from books which no longer appeal to the tastes of living races. This is the case with such poems as "Tiberius at Capraea," "Cenone," and some others—subjects which chill, rather than invite, the reader; and, in the employment of which, the author is in some danger of incurring comparisons with the performances of older Bards. In this matter of *selecting* themes, too much judgment cannot be exercised. Unless

the theme be absolutely self-suggested—not as a task for exercise, but as appealing to, and exciting equally the thoughts and sensibilities of the poet, he had better let it alone—better *find* his subjects in his mere walks—the artless, self-delineating ones of real life—than deliberately hunt after themes upon which to expand a certain amount of rhythmical industry. Until the poet reaches a certain degree of power, as an artist, he will properly forbear all ambitious themes.—If ten years hence, Mr. Caldwell—having, meanwhile, continued his exercise in this province—should choose certain other of his present subjects—that of “St. Agnes,” for example—or the “Coronation of St. Elizabeth,” he would achieve far more satisfactory results than he has now done, in the two poems, thus named in his collection. He is not yet capable of rising to the fullness of thought which they require, nor is he master of the adequate powers of language. His verse is not flowing. In many instances it lacks in music—in the proper measure; and we are offended on every page, with some harsh crude utterances—incomplete, broken sounds—interrupted harmonies, and forced conclusions to the verse. In his more ambitious subjects—those, for instance in the Spensarian stanza, his Alexandrines fail. Who can make music of such lines as these, and reconcile the proper pronunciation also? viz:

“I saw old Saturn shining through the
hazy air.”

“And writ in yonder starry rubric of
the sky.”

“Nor bind me, like the Titan to a Scythian
rock!”

“Sappho and Dido; Portia; Arria, brave
as fair.”

“In wonder paused, Empedocles’ wild
dreams to hear.”

“On earth e’en, givers of good gifts act
not this way.”

These are but a few examples of downright *prose*, which utterly defeat the merit in the stanzas which they should round beautifully. And, were we disposed to subject our author to a strict and severe criticism, we could point out such instances of halting and inharmonious verse on every page. But, it will suffice here to say to our author, whom it is our desire to serve, that he has not yet acquired that mastery of rhyme and rhythm, that facility of speech, which is essential to poetry; and that, even where the thought is fine and perfect, it requires to be sent forth in a becoming costume. His ear lacks training, and, once for all, we may mention that the merits of all his poems are more or less impaired by the crudeness of the art which embodies them. It is only the really considerate and genially indulgent critic, like ourselves, who will be content to struggle on over broken columns, in search of the buried grace, charm, thought or sentiment. The indifferent reader, finding himself arrested at an early stage, by a material embarrassment, stops short, throws down the book, and shuts the door forever after upon the unhappy poet. We would reconcile these parties, and hence our pains-taking in the present instance.

Now, there are cruel friends and injudicious applauders, in village, and little cliques, who, whether insane in their sympathies, or reckless of propriety, will, blindly, as zealously, applaud even the shortcomings, the blunderings, and the crudities of the young Poet.—It is this sort of practice which

originated the famous prayer of the afflicted *protégé*—"God protect me from my friends!" We have seen some of these cruelties of friendship in this very case of Mr. Caldwell; and taking for granted that "Gods, men and columns," will hardly condescend to take heed of such a prayer, we claim to interpose, and to say what is more truthful, more to the purpose, and more likely to serve the poet substantially. We say to Mr. Caldwell, we regard—and the public must regard—this volume only as an early exercise; here you are simply acquiring the use of certain necessary tools. You are only now *preparing* yourself to write poetry. But, what you have written, assures us that you *have* poetry in you, which, if you will only pursue the proper method, by the study of the best models—by the study of yourself—by constant practice, and by carefully eschewing the applause of honest but incapable friends, who are too apt to reconcile us to our defects—you will be able to bring it to efficient utterance and develop successfully the soul-faculty in your keeping. Poetry, the mother of all the fine arts—the divinest mode of mortal speech—the grandest and profoundest sort of mortal thinking, feeling, passion and sentiment, is not to be picked up at random as we run along the highways. It is not the aside of another profession. It must be worked for with all the soul, with all the strength, all the love of the devotee, who can never duly arrive at the rank of a master singer, until he feels that he is one of a Priesthood, and at a shrine which claims, next to religion, the highest mortal reverence. To be duly successful in your art, you must learn to value it according to its own imperishable standards. It is not a mere boy's song for chirping chits

and children—boys and girls. It is the oldest of all literatures, the original language of all religions, and the longest lived, as it is the first born, of all the arts. To serve at such an altar—to work in such a profession—demands of you all the worship, industry, time, thought, study, skill, that your strength and your genius can possibly exert in becoming exercises.

But it would be unfair, equally as regards author and reader, after these generalizations, not to detach some specimens of the Poet's muse, and show in what degree we are justified in our criticism. We select for this purpose, the two poems to which we have specially referred, that namely on "St. Agnes," and that on the "Crowning of St. Elizabeth." These are chosen themes of the author, and may be taken as fair samples of his most ambitious efforts, not that they are the best in the volume. On the contrary, in these two performances the powers of the poet have have not so well seconded his desires; and, perhaps, because of the very reason that the themes were deliberately chosen, as subjects of poetic exercise, and were not absolutely self-suggested by his own sympathies. This sort of experiment, upon one's own powers, as we have said before, can only be tried successfully by one who has attained a sufficient mastery of his art, in the season of matured development. The story of St. Agnes is briefly this: A young maiden, a convert to the Christian faith, is required to renounce her belief, on penalty of death. She defies the doom, adheres to the Cross of Christ, and perishes a virgin martyr—a simple legend, susceptible of beautiful uses in art, whether in poetry or painting. The reader will judge for himself of Mr. Caldwell's success in treating it. In republishing it here, we

strip the poem of all the unnecessary notes which accompany it.

SAINT AGNES.

The sunlight is streaming o'er turret
and tower,
Awaking each beautiful hue
That slept in the bosom of every fair
flower
'Mid the myriad pearl-drops of dew.
The almond trees scatter their blossoms
so white,
The purple buds swell on each vine,
And the breezes of morning, all sportive
and light,
'Mid the young vernal flowers entwine.
But why, at this beautiful hour of the
morn,
Comes a crowd to the forum so fast?
Why is seated the judge, supercilious
and stern,
Why stands each beholder aghast?
Behold! 'tis a maiden, oh wonderful
sight,
A maiden of beauty most rare,
Who stands there arrayed in pure gar-
ments of white,
While loose o'er her neck falls her
hair.
Her face, in devotion upturned to the
sky,
Is glowing with visions of bliss
That stream from the life beatific on
high,
And eclipsing all glories of *this*.
One hand on her breast, that is heaving
with joy,
Now presses the cross to her heart;
Attesting the rapture that beams in her
eye
Is, like Mary's, the blest "better part."
Her face is not full, like the faces of
those
Who live for the pleasures of sense;
But pale as a lily, save one spot of rose
That burns on the white cheek, in-
tense.
That fair, fragile form! that meek, gen-
tle face!
Who is it? why stands she in prayer?
SAINT AGNES, the mirror of beauty and
grace,
Her faith is about to declare.
"Speak, AGNES!" the judge then accost-
ed the maid,
And save thy own life by a word;
Forswear thy vain CHRIST, let thy wor-
ship be paid
To the gods whom your fathers adored.
I know thou art young—I fear thou'rt
deceived
By those who have taught thee this
faith.
Come, bow to the gods whom your fa-
thers received,—
And know, thy refusal is death!"

The maiden swept her golden hair
From off her marble brow,
And raising to the heavens her eyes,
She said, "oh hear me Thou!
Thou Jesus, to whose arms I fly,
And whose embrace shall prove
My spouse most faithful to his word,
And to his plighted love.
Hast thou not, on my trembling hand,
Placed thy rich bridal ring,
And pearls and jewels on my neck,
The richest earth can bring?
For milk and honey, from thy lips,
Flow in a ceaseless stream,
And in thy arms I still shall be
Pure as an angel's dream.
Thy bride shall wear her virgin-wreath
Through the long flight of time;
While nuptial hymns and songs of joy
Peal thro' yon heaven sublime!
True, I am young, but I would die,
For thus my soul shall go
To reach the endless bliss, on high,
Of Him I loved below.
—Life has been sweet and will be short,
Although I count it not
By brief clepsydres, but by bliss
That cannot be forgot!
The years I've passed since first I
bore
My blessed Saviour's name,
Have been all bliss; and shall I
now
Renounce my faith in shame?
Oh, bliss of earth! oh, love of man!
Faint stars in earth's dark night,
How do ye pale and die before
A God's love's holier light!
Fair as ye seem, and beautiful,
Like frost-work on a flower,
One glorious sun-beam melts your
charms,
And blots your beauty's power!
But as yon sun, when farthest off,
Pours his most vital ray,
So now, in death's dark vale of
shades,
A cheering beam of day
Streams thro' the gloom and warms
my heart,
While grandly, from afar,
Sweet angels' songs inspire my soul;
And, as eve's earliest star
Shows heaven amid the coming
night,
And lights the lonesome gloom;
My guardian-angel stands by me
And points the bliss to come.
Ye white-winged seraphs! lo, I come!
—Where is my heavenly spouse?
Ye bridesmaid angels standing round
To catch my earliest vows,
Behold! the fear of shame and death
Join with affection's wail
To cheat my bridegroom of his bride,
But His love must prevail!
Alas! my mother—'twas thy voice
That gave that saddening moan;

But cheer thee, dearest!—weep me not,
Think *where* I will be gone.
My sire! when by the fireside thou
Shalt miss the absent one,
And at the quiet vesper hour
Long for a silenced tone,
Think of my joys! oh, would ye keep
Your child a squalid worm,
When death can change my shapeless
self

To beauty's radiant form?
And would ye have me grovel here
A sad, unsightly thing,
When death can give me power to soar
On rainbow-tinted wing?
Death is no rolling, wintry wave,
To chill my eager gaze;
But through its depths a pathway lies,
And o'er its billows blaze
Bright stars to guide me—while, afar,
The angels bid me come;
I fear the surging waters not,
Nor yet the midnight gloom!"

"Cease thy wild dreamings, hapless
girl!

Thy doom is sealed; now say
Thy last farewells, for here thou diest."
The stern judge turned away
Lest he might weep, for all hearts felt
A pang to see her die;
But she was calm, and not a tear
Bedimmed her sparkling eye:
"Mother, farewell! sweet mother,
mine!

Oh give thy heart to Him
Who will be all in life, to thee,
And in death's valley dim;
My father!—oh this pang supreme!
Believe me, best-beloved,
It rends my soul from thee to part;
Thus deeply am I proved.

Farewell! and take this charge for me:
—Go seek that noble youth

Who loved me well, and whom I loved,
And bid him seek the truth.

—When first my fancy woke to know
The thrilling pain of love,

He vowed his faithful heart to me,
And I—— could but approve!

Then I knew nothing of that One
Whose higher love should claim

Our hearts, and leave no place
For earthly lover's name:

—Oh, bid him never think of me
As recreant to my faith;

But tell him of my *higher love*,
And my triumphant death.

He was a form of beauty's mould,
When first he met my sight,

And feelings, hitherto unknown,
Unbidden, flushed to light;

I deemed no earthly form so fair,
I loved with ardent soul;

And when I knew this love must yield
To other love's control,

And I must drive him from my heart,
—I wept in blank despair!

But *He* who claimed my heart has
brought

A holier feeling there.

I think no more of that dear youth,
But on my heavenly love

My hopes, my joys, my being rest;
His faith I go to prove.

I felt his warm blood shed for me,
Drop on my trembling cheek;

And gratitude, and awe, and love,
Forbade my lips to speak.

Oh Saviour mine! I come to thee,
Thy promises to claim;

I show thy seal—thy blood, my Lord!
Canst thou forget my name?

Behold! I come to thee, to thee
Whose love my soul has fired;

For whom I die—whose smile alone
My whole heart has desired."

The maiden bent her lily neck,
And raised her prayerful eyes,
And, clasping to her heart the cross,
Saw opening Paradise!

The angry judge reproached the slave,
Then quick the expectant sword
Cut the fair flesh and sent the soul
To meet its heavenly Lord!

Seed of the church! oh, precious
blood,

Thy martyrs shed in joy,
Long may such noble themes as this
Our earnest thought employ!

And hallowed be their memories still:
And cherished ever bright

The death of those whose holy death
Is "precious in His sight."

We shall not undertake the analysis of this poem in detail: we leave that to the reader. But, let us ask, does the author raise us to the full conception of this noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of this young maiden? Are the tones, the ideas, here employed, calculated to fill us with the full grandeur of the scene? Does the poet rise himself to its conception? Has it that solemn cast of religion and sacrifice which end in martyrdom, and which the theme requires? Are we made to see the stern might and ferocious rule of Paganism, with all its formidable array of Demonic-Divinities, confronted by the meek, resigned, but fearless and beautiful sweetness of Christianity? Is the portraiture of the scene—are the aspects which environ it—

the agitated and conflicting multitudes, torn with surprise, wonder, hate or admiration, so depicted as that we *feel* them, and *see* them, to the face, in full, as in a grand historic picture of a great tragedy? The very measure chosen by the poet, that lilting, ballad-like, tripping verse, which suits better a love-song than a terrible chorus of fate—such as this—is, itself, almost fatal to the performance. Choosing such a verse, nothing but the most admirable art, working up the most noble thoughts and sentiments, could possibly save the production from failure. If Mr. Caldwell had aimed at nothing more than to show how easily he could frame, in light measures, a series of pretty lines and fancies, he has probably achieved his task successfully. But Art, and Truth, and Poetry, require something more. The thought must rise to the theme; the conception must accord with its necessities; the verse must have that organ-like dignity which the martyrdom demands. The situation is not unlike that of Iphigenia; and we naturally ask how *Æschylus* or *Shakspeare*, would have treated such a subject? We do not say this to annoy Mr. Caldwell. It would be absurd. We do not ask him to do as *Æschylus* and *Shakspeare* would have done. The purpose is not the criticism of this volume, but the counsel to the author, for the future, either against such choice of subject, or in behalf of such a recognition of the first standards of poetry, as to prove that he has some conception of the true mode in which the work should be done.

In his note to this poem, he tells us, gravely, that he has been found fault with, because, while making Saint Agnes a martyr to the faith, he has also shown her as sensible to a mortal love. His critic was a block-

head for his pains! as if Human were inconsistent with Divine Love; as if God were in conflict with Humanity; as if Humanity were not the very process for reaching divine love; as if Saint Agnes would have been half the Saint she is recognized to be if she had not been endowed with all the susceptibilities and sentiments, all the tenderness and naturalness of heart, which belonged to her youth, sex and beauty. Let Mr. Caldwell ease himself as soon as possible of all such criticisms and critics. If his offences against art were not much more serious than those which he has committed against the pure faith and true religion of his heroine, we should clap hands and say, "well done, young Poet!" Now, he only moves us to say, "Go to, critic! Is the day of bigotry and blockheads never to end!"

But we pass to the next production, which we propose to select. We give it with the author's own epigraph, as quite sufficient for the comprehension of the subject.

Fair month of Mary! thou hast seen
 In thy sweet time of smiling skies,
 No day more gloriously serene
 On thy young blushing flowers arise!
 Not with a fierce, malignant heat,
 But with a bright and crystal ray,
 The sun sheds down his influence
 sweet,
 And robes the world in smiling day.
 Thus is the world without; but lo!
 A minster-pile, moss-grown and old,
 Wherein the voice of royal woe
 A tale of matchless sorrow told.
 The imperial crown is on his head,
 In a long coarse tunic lies his face,
 And manhood's glorious pride displayed
 In stalwart figure, knightly grace;
 The Emperor! Earth's haughtiest son,
 The valiant warrior, crafty, wise;
 Whose prowess all the Soldans own,
 And triumphs tell, 'neath Syrian
 skies.
 Taught by the wisest man who e'er
 In Peter's sacred chair hath sat,
 His name is now a spell of fear
 From SCHWARZ-WALD unto ARARAT!
 —Why is he here alone, in prayer,
 While only by yon altar swings

A dying lamp, whose tremulous glare
A sickly gleam o'er the Missal flings?
Oh eloquence of Death! thy spell
Hath brought this haughty emperor
low.

His tearful eyes his anguish tell,
While thus he breathes his plaint
of woe:

"Sweet flower! translated to thy proper soil,
Exotic rare, from earth to heaven return!
Done is thy task of tears and sighs
and toil,

Thy penance dreary and thy doom to
mourn.

Tried in the fire, pure gold;—a vessel
rare
Of holiest love and deep-devoted faith,
For thee God's angel's with delight
prepare

The Sabbath-benediction after death.
Oh saintly queen, Elizabeth! whose
heart

To God and charity alone was given,
Vainly I hoped that I might share a part
Of thy rich blessings—but not so, sweet
Heaven!

—E'en as I heard that when thou carriedst food,
Wrapped in thy mantle, to a sick man's
bed,

And when thou gavest it, an angel
strewn
O'er all the offering, roses white and red;
That when the leprous child was faint
and chill,

Thou took'st him up and laid him on thy
bed,

And a strange glory all the room did
fill,
And halos quivered from the sleeper's
head;

That thou didst give to feed the poor,
when even
Thyself wast hungry; how no storm or
night

Restrained thy duty to the sick;—and
Heaven

Blest Earth with something of celestial
light;

That by the leper with angelic care
Thy form was seen, thy gentle voice
was heard,

And Woe and Want, and Madness
and Despair
Sunk, charmed to slumber by thy prayerful word;

I begged the gift of such an one as thou;
—May all my vain desires be now for-
given!

I know thou wert of right, I feel it now,
Alone to be the blessed bride of Heaven!
Until I knew of thy angelic fame,
My life was lost in thoughts unworthy
man;

But at the earliest mention of thy
name,

A better being in my life began;

—E'en as a marsh-reed, silent and
alone,

Gives no inspiring thought to passers by,
'Till waked to music's wild etherial
tone

By some chance-wind that wanders from
the sky;

So, at thy name, a holier music rose
And thrilled my heart with ecstasy di-
vine,

That made this heart a holier ray dis-
close,

And gave that life an image and a shrine!
—Through my strange checkered his-
tory, this love

Runs like a brook through rugged moun-
tain-chains,

A smoother land of even face to prove,
A happier clime of level groves and
plains.

But as that Greek, the wisest of his
race,

E'en in his ship-wreck, saw above the
wave

The olive-branches hang, so I can trace
The bough of Hope hang o'er thy sainted
grave;

A branch of amaranth! whose eternal
bloom

Shall show *one* green spot to my eyes
forever;

E'en though that place shall be a voice-
less tomb,
Aught else shall hold this heart of mine,
oh never!"

Now from without, the chorus rose,
And music throbbed, and swelled and
sank;

The doors are opened; inward flows
The mighty throng of every rank.

The boys from burning censers flung
Rich clouds of perfume on the air,

And banners, cross and crossier hung
High o'er the crowd that knelt in prayer.

Soon o'er the altars blazed on high
Innumerable candles; and the throng

Of bishops, abbots, priests drew nigh
The sacred tomb with solemn song.

The coffin borne by mitred men
And that proud Emperor, was laid

Before the shrine and opened; then
Behold the queen, the saintly dead!

Upon her gaze the hundreds now,
And bless the pallid, peaceful face;

The smile still beaming from her brow
With all its former angel-grace!

And now the solemn Mass is said,
And hundreds heed the sacred rite;

The ancient forms are sung and read,
—Those words wherein all times unite.

Now, at the Offertory-time,
Behold the Emperor arise,

His brow proclaims his grief sublime,
And tears that dim his glorious eyes.

What shall he offer at *her* shrine?
What costly gift shall he present?

Some glittering jewel of the mine,

Worthy an emperor and—a saint ?

He takes the crown from off his head
And, trembling, stops a moment ; now,

He bends above the sainted dead,
And puts the crown upon her brow :

“In life thou wouldst not be my bride,
Though crowns imperial I had given;
—But now, I crown thee with more pride,
Oh holy queen, a saint of Heaven !”

With this selection, we close our
notice, forbearing further comment.
In some degree, the poem is obnoxious
to the censure passed upon
the preceding. But, with our pre-

vious criticism, the reader will
be in no danger of arriving at a
false judgment. This last piece is
decidedly superior, in treatment, to
the former ; but very faulty, nevertheless,
in design and working. If
Mr. Caldwell will receive our dicta,
in the same spirit in which they
are delivered, we shall be pleased ;
and we have no question that he
will go on his way with a better
capacity for future development in
his art. So mote it be, and so we
earnestly desire.

FLOWERS.

LILY, KALMIA AND AZALEA.

————— Not a flower
But hath its moral. Oh ! your Turks were right,
Who wrote their loves in flowers. They have a speech,
In hue and form and scent, which, would we learn,
Were all so many lessons for the soul,
No less than heart. Now look on yonder lilies—
The pictures of complacent vanity,
Beautiful idiots swimming with the stream.
And for a perfect show of mirth and beauty,
Behold the Kalmia, the Azalea !

THE PAPAYA.

Ah ! She seems,—
So supercilious in her gracefulness,
So proud in harmony of beauty—like
The blue-eyed damsel, slender at sixteen,
With all love's roses glowing in her cheeks,
And all love's fires enkindling in her heart,
Yet check'd by modesty and prudent fear,
Simply erect and proud as she appears,
Not wanton.

WOMEN.

BY A "FEMME INCOMPRISE."

"I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving," sighs pretty, wilful Beatrice, her high spirit burning at injustice, and her true heart touched into tears, and through the years as they roll, Beatrice's lamentation has been re-echoed and repeated by thousands of women, as they lived drearily through the 'triste métier' of their existence. Was there ever a woman, however exquisitely feminine, or delicately tender, who would not at some time, have become a man with wishing? Was there ever a man who did not self-gloriously join his loud Amen to the old Jewish thanksgiving, "I thank thee, Oh Lord! that Thou hast not made me a woman!" And the men are right to thank God that they are not women, and the Mexican mother was right to pray God that her child might not be a daughter, "for very sorrowful is the life of a woman!" Not sorrowful, not sad in the coarse sense in which the strong-minded women of the North represent it—true women will not and do not, accept them as their exponents. They have no longing for the heavy responsibilities of public duties, for the physician's life-exhausting career, the lawyer's tortuous pursuits, the hard drudgery of mechanical labor, or the never-ending annoyances of commercial struggles. From deeper sources arise their dissatisfaction and discontented murmurings.

All the world agrees in ridiculing and caricaturing the "femme incomprise" of Parisian society,

but, like most French epigrammatic classifications, this has its germ of truth, and stripped of its affectation and pedantry, expresses well one of the most general subjects of feminine complaint. Women are misunderstood every day and every hour. Will men never learn to know them? Does a father ever comprehend his daughter; a brother, his sister; or even a husband, his wife? The veiled prophet of Khorassan lived in open sunshine compared to the mystery with which they seem unconsciously to surround themselves. To a man's dim perception, their modesty becomes coldness; their pride, indifference or stupidity; their confidence, a love of 'gossip parlance'; or, on the other hand, their frivolity is mistaken for amiability; their forwardness for sweet simplicity, and coquetry stands highest in the list of their virtues. Thus, seeing their finest qualities misunderstood and undervalued, and their worst faults admired and applauded, they are ready for the sake of that sympathy and affection which, by instinct and education, they are forced to consider their highest good, their greatest necessity, to lay aside all that is really natural and true, and assume only what seems to their purblind masculine judges most pleasing and attractive. Would this life of masking and pretence suit you, oh Daniels, come to judgment!—most excellent young men! who so sapiently declare all women to be born actresses, and to enjoy thoroughly the taking a false part on the world's stage? Did you

ever consider the possibility that you might have forced upon them this necessity of playing a rôle continually, one, too, which must be most highly colored, most overwrought and caricatured to suit your eye and taste, insensible to the nicer and more delicate shades of truth and nature?

And yet it would be hard to say why a woman is so anxious to attract and attach to her any man, even the most loyal and chivalric. Good men write and talk of women gracefully, tenderly, nobly—the world rings with their magnanimous recognition and welcome of their great and heroic sisters. Tom Moore sung in a burst of such true and exquisite devotion, that it brings the tears into one's eyes only to think of it:

"One moment's dream about thee,
Is worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love! my only dear!"

Yet, we all know how selfishly he treated his little Bessie, how she made all the self-sacrifices and self-denials, and he had all the pleasures and enjoyments! And to such an end does it always come, such is the inevitable practical carrying out of all these beautiful themes of love and admiration. Women demand so much from men, they receive so very, very little, not that the men are to be blamed for it—they do the best they can—but their capacities for loving are so narrow, so limited. Of all positions in the world, that of a wife seems to us the most thankless and unenviable. Look at the happiest married pair within the circle of your acquaintance, dear reader; see how the wife thinks of her husband all day; how she plans for him; how she watches him; how proud she is of him; how her pleasures depend only upon him; how "her life is passed in waiting for

him;" how she blooms into joy when he comes, and see how shyly and timidly she ventures to show her joy, and love, and pleasure, lest she should annoy or displease him! Then see how independent he is of her for his amusement; how plainly he shows that she is often *de trop* to him; how mercilessly he admires in other women charms which, she knows, she does not possess; how obstinately he indulges all his personal tastes and fancies, loving his wife well enough when she comes in his way; thinking of her tenderly, when he thinks of her at all; taking all her sympathy, and her cares, and giving, how little! in return. Then see how easily, when death vanquishes the love which yields only to his resistless power, how easily he fills her vacant place! Chloe is loved as well as Daphne, so nearly equally that one could almost fancy it was the position that was loved and not the individual. Oh, Roses not gathered in your season, rejoice that, though you have not known the moments of bliss that loving and being loved can bestow, you also have not known the miseries of *such* domestic happiness, "the only bliss that survived the fall!"

In one character, and in one character only, does a woman receive more than her full share of applause and admiration from the masculine world, and strangely enough it is in the rôle, which, with all her great histrionic power, she fills most weakly and unsuccessfully. In older times it was the custom for beauties who had outlived the possibility of future conquests, to retire to Convents, or at least to leave the gay world of frivolity and fashion, and become devotees "*mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" We moderns—*our ci devant belles*—become authoresses, convert their wreaths of rose and

myrtle into crowns of laurel and bay—and, as their lights fade and grow dim in one quarter of the social heaven, they blaze out in another so dazzling, and bewildering the senses with new proofs of their infinite variety, "that it would need more stoicism than belongs to poor human nature to separate the adoration of the woman from the appreciation of the author."

These pretty butterflies, who have hitherto "toiled not, nor spun," gain much by this exchange of their empty triumphs for these literary victories which yield them tangible and profitable fruit; for the world, taken by surprise at the unexpected transformation, surrenders at discretion; and works of no intrinsic merit whatever, when recognized as the production of the well-known *Mme. Une Telle*, create great sensation, are called for in edition after edition, read with avidity, and over-praised and overrated from one end of the community to the other. The critic, remorseless and cruel to his masculine co-laborer, touches them with all gentleness and forbearance; the remembrance of the thousand feminine charms to which he, like commoner men, either is, was, or shall be a temporary slave, comes in between him and many a common-place sentiment; many a provincial expression; many a trite quotation and many a glaring plagiarism, and the lion, as of old, subdued by all conquering beauty, roars, if he roar at all, "as gently as a sucking dove, will roar you an 'twere a nightingale."

If women possessed in any de-

gree, the power of criticism or analysis, into their merciless hands would fall the execution of these graceful aspirants for fame, and by them, with their native talent for philippic, quickened by rivalry and restrained by no conventional sense of courtesy or chivalry, most certainly would the whole truth in its utmost bitterness be told. But women can rarely find stronger reasons for approval or dislike than that contained in the old school-boy distich of Dr. Tell, the works pass by uncensured, and we are consequently in imminent danger of being overwhelmed by an avalanche of the most worthless and tiresome novels, poems, travels and essays, that ever threatened to destroy the literary taste of a nation.

Oh men! treat us, (in my earnestness, I stand by my order, a confessed partisan,) with the same forbearance and consideration at home, in our own peculiar and proper sphere, as you do when we step out of it; your unsuccessful rivals in literature and art, forgive our constitutional and characteristic foibles as readily as you pardon our faulty English and passable ignorances; bestow as much pains to find out our real character beneath our enforced society disguises, as you do to discover the true meaning of our inverted and distorted phrases, and you will see how speedily the evil will be averted; how willingly we will retire to chronicle your beer, no matter how small it may be, how swiftly will return the happy days of Shakspeare's Portia, when women "had no tongue but thought."

THE CONSULAR CITIES OF CHINA.

NO. II.

FU-CHU, OR FOO-CHOW.

Fu-chu, or Foo-chow, on the river Min, is a garrison city, with a large provincial staff of civil and military Mandarins. The walls are about eight or nine miles in circuit, varying in height, but generally about the average of thirty feet on the outer side. The causeway on the top is broad enough in most parts to form a road for one carriage, and it is of regular and even construction. The guard kept here is very strict, and there is a succession of watch towers, every two or three hundred yards, with a few cannon on carriages without wheels. Foo-chow is the capital of Fookeen province, the great Black-tea district of China, and the well known hills of Bohea, are only about one hundred and fifty miles to the N. W. Yet, for a market, the tea merchants, now, as formerly, go by the difficult overland route, more than six hundred miles, to Canton. The population, in the absence of all authentic statistics, according to the lowest estimate given, is put down at over half a million. On the testimony of all the high officers of the local government, the city has little trade with the interior, and its commercial importance is decreasing. It has not much intercourse with the sea ports, its maritime commerce being checked by hordes of pirates, who, for centuries have been the scourge of that weak government, and unwarlike people. The boundary regulations extend over the valley of Foo-chow, to the surrounding hills.

The people are generally grave and almost sullen towards Europeans. Although their looks are cold and repulsive, their general conduct is not rude, there are no crowds or angry and insolent exclamations at the sight of foreigners; and generally no troublesome display of curiosity. A few of the inhabitants are wealthy, but the greater part live in utter poverty, being destitute of the energy and enterprise, which commonly mark the Fookeen race, above the natives of other districts in the Empire. The crippling of the feet of female infants, though not universal, as in more northern cities, is very general, few women being exempted, except the Tartar ladies, the boat-women, and the lower classes of females, who carry burdens and work like men. Many of these poor women act as coolies, and hurry about the streets with bare feet, or with light shoes made of straw. They also wear a large hair-pin, which is often made of silver, and are the finest and most robust women to be seen in China, quite the reverse of the men. The inhabitants of the villages on either bank of the river towards the sea, are noted for acts of piracy and lawlessness. The literary reputation of the city is, notwithstanding, very considerable, and may be estimated from the following facts.—Of the degree of *sew-tsai*, conferred twice in every three years, there are about eight thousand graduates in the whole province of Fookeen, of whom two thousand belong to Foo-chow. Of the *kea-jui* degree, conferred once in the same time, there

are about one thousand graduates in this province, of whom three hundred and sixty reside here. Of the degree of tsin-tze, to which about three hundred and sixty are promoted at each triennial examination at Peking, from the whole of China, and beyond which degree, promotion is so rare, that only thirty persons from the eighteen provinces of the Empire, take the highest degree of Ham-lin, at each triennial examination—there are estimated to be two hundred graduates in Fokeen, sixty of whom are in this city. The few who rise to the high honor of admission to the Ham-lin, or National College, form a body of counsellors, who are consulted by the Emperor on grave matters of government policy, and from these the highest officers are chosen. The title of *ta-laou-yay*, or in English, "his lordship" is conferred by conventional usage on the father of the higher classes of literary graduates. China is, probably, the only country in the world, where a son can thus, by his own merits, gain for his father a title of honor. The local language, partaking of the peculiarities of the Fokeen dialects in other parts, is regarded doubly barbarous and difficult.—Whilst every system of superstition seems to have a hold on the popular mind, Christianity is almost unknown in this crowded capital. But let us not forget and let us not doubt the superhuman power of truth; she is the great civilizer, among the nations, under whose divine influence, ignorance and error vanish like the morning mist. Art, science and faith rise to the growth of maturity in her progress. The law of nature, and the law of nations were crude and undeveloped, and, in fact, we may say, the world was in black darkness, until the revealed, the only perfect law, was sent down from Heaven. Truth, slowly

"rising in clouded majesty, at length, apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light, and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw," and Hope may smile with joy, when truth shall hold the sceptre of the world.

NINGPO.

Ningpo, the capital of a foo, or department of the same name, is the next Consular City on the coast. It is surrounded by a wall about five miles in circuit, through which there are six gates opening into the suburbs, or upon the river. On the Yang-tze-keang, numbers of junks are to be seen from Shantung and Tartary, laden with grain, and a great multitude of boats, propelled by one or two sculls, each of which is, sometimes, so large as to employ eight or ten persons. Oars seem here to be a mechanical contrivance, either unknown or undervalued in comparison with the scull. Three of the five Consular ports in China, viz: Foo-chow and Amoy, in Fokeen, and Ningpo, in Che-keang, are under the government of the same viceroy. The boundary regulations, at Ningpo, are those of locality and not of time. Foreigners are allowed to roam within any part of the heen, or district of Ningpo, and are not obliged to return to the city, in any fixed time. Under the Chinese policy, civil mandarins are never promoted to office in their native Districts, and, consequently, they can seldom speak the dialect of the people whom they govern. From the great diversity of the language in different parts, the dialect of the imperial court is commonly used by the officers of government throughout the Empire. The events of the war with Great Britain, brought disgrace and ruin, on the Mandarins there in power. Loo-ta-laou-yay, the deposed *taou-tai*, over sixty years of age, the chief magis-

trate of Ningpo, including also the country about sixty miles west and south, was, with difficulty saved from capital punishment, by the petition of the inhabitants, and, after degradation from all his honors, was appointed to aid the present taou-tai, in his civic duties. He is, however, slowly recovering the favor of the Emperor. Shoo-laou-yay, the chee-foo or second magistrate, whose authority extended only over the department of Ningpo, has not been so fortunate. He was deprived of all his honors, and as a penalty for cowardice, fleeing from the city, on the approach of the enemy, made to serve as superintendent of the repairs of the city wall. And Hwang-laou-yay, the che-heen, or district magistrate, was banished into the cold country in hopeless exile. The despotic government of China, is fickle in the grant of favors and harsh in the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments. At this port, the character of the inhabitants is a favorable specimen of the native population. They are usually respectful and friendly, although, the most casual observer can discover that fear is the strong emotion which regulates their conduct towards foreigners.—The Chinese regard Ningpo as one of the most literary cities in the empire, and inferior only to Soo-Chow, and Hang-chow in the refinement and taste of the people.—In no part of the country are the natives apparently more alive to the subduing influence of kindness. It is easy for a foreigner, living among them, and acting with but a common degree of forbearance to

overcome prejudice, and gradually to win their esteem and good will.* The European constitution, of ordinary physical strength, is tolerably safe here, although the climate is subject to extremes of heat and cold, the range of the thermometer extending from, as high as, 100° down to 8° or 10° below freezing point, at different seasons. In the city there is an unusually large proportion of temples, and costly private dwellings. The breadth and cleanliness of the principal streets is also a marked peculiarity, which strikes the stranger, as a sign of wealth and rank. Ningpo, however, is rapidly losing its former splendor and consequence; houses can, with comparative facility be rented by foreigners, many of the buildings are going to decay, and others remain unoccupied. All the civil Mandarins are of Chinese descent, two of the military being the only Manchoo-Tartars in authority. At the Mohammedan temple, in the interior of the city, upon one occasion, Fung, the priest who was asked to read some Chinese inscriptions, was unable to decipher a single character, though he spoke the language very well, and had been forty years a resident of Ningpo.—He mentioned Nankin as the place where the professors of Mohammedism, were most numerous, computing them there to exceed twenty thousand. At another time he spoke of the great strictness of his sect, in abstaining from intoxicating liquors, and said he had the power of inflicting corporal chastisement on any of his people addicted to intemperance.† He dwelt also upon

* The standard of morality is very low. There is a general disregard of truth and honesty in all cases where the means of concealment exist.

† This is almost equal to the refinement of civilization among the ancient Aztecs. By their laws, intemperance, which was the burden, moreover, of their religious homilies, was visited with the severest penalties; as if they had foreseen in it the consuming canker of their own, as well as of the other Indian races in later times. It was punished, in the young, with death, and, in older persons, with loss of rank and confiscation of property.—1 Prescott, *Conq. Mex.* 35.

the frequent religious ablutions which they practiced, their zeal against idolatry, and their breaking of images whenever they had the power. And the old man ridiculed the ignorance and hypocrisy of the Buddhist monks—rising from his seat to mimic their frequent prostrations, closed eyes, and uplifted hands.

The following incident shows the practical working of the Chinese system of match making. Senga, a well informed Chinese, residing at this city, an attaché of the British Consulate, who, in the late war acted as a paymaster in the Emperor's army, for which the chief reward he received was the privilege of wearing a gold button on his cap, the decoration of Mandarins of the three lowest ranks—was a person of some importance, to the officers of government, for, having a knowledge of English, he was often sent to explain business relating to foreigners. Thus promoted by the Emperor, he thought fit to seek some greater change, and determined to marry. On the occasion of a procession of native females to some temple, the daughter of a neighboring gentleman caught the eye, kindled the imagination, and won at once the heart of Sing. He sought the usual help of a *chun-jir*, or go between. And here it may be as well to state that this is generally the office of an elderly lady, familiar with all the usages, by whom presents are sent and the engagement duly made. Unfortunately for Sing the object of his love was the fourth daughter, while he in his ignorance believed her to be the fifth. The match was made under this error. On the wedding day, the lady was carried in a gaily ornamented sedan-chair, with the usual display of pomp and a band of music from her father's home to the house of Sing. The young, blush-

ing, and trembling woman, lifted by two matrons over the threshold of her new abode, was now for the first time introduced to her future lord. The nuptials were on the point of being consummated by the ceremony of drinking together the "cup of alliance." But here Sing's joy was suddenly and unexpectedly turned into grief. Instead of welcoming the lovely and charming maid whom he had once the good fortune to meet, and under whose magic influence he was acting blindly, he had the horror to behold before him her elder sister, a very plain person, whose charms were buried in the deep pits of small pox. At first he proposed that she should return to her father's house; but as she objected, he thought it expedient, on further reflection, to bear his misfortune with patience, and it is said he is becoming gradually reconciled to his lot. Sing, though an able and clever man, in his way, possesses very lax moral principles. He frankly confesses that the Confucians do not believe in a future state of reward and punishment, saying, with a contemptuous tone, that they leave such notions to the Buddhists. According to his view, Confucius left no instructions respecting the Deity, and taught his followers that such things as worshiping idols were matters of indifference to be decided altogether by the taste or interest of the individual. The *ching-loo*, the "straight way" was the only path of moral duty known to the sage. Of the countless number of temples in honor of Confucius there are many at Ningpo. In one of them, the only image, that of the deified philosopher, represents him as a man of venerable aspect, with white hair, and flowing beard, wearing a square black cap, and holding in his hand a small wooden tablet, with some mystic characters. In another, and

the larger of the temples of Confucius, situated near the Salt Gate, no image of any kind is to be seen.

The Chair-bearers, who are to be hired at almost every corner of the streets in Ningpo, appear to belong to a class of hereditary bondsmen, excluded from every honorable work, or profession, and made for many generations the subjects of infamy and contempt. This degraded race, commonly called do-be, are said to be the descendants of some Mandarins, who, for treacherous dealings with the Japanese, were, with their families, forever disgraced. They now supply the Chair-bearers of the neighborhood; they are, also, barbers, head shavers, and coolies. A few of them are engaged in the lowest kinds of trades, and secretly own considerable sums of money. A great number of them become play actors.— Their women are employed as nurses, and are never saluted by other Chinese females, with the polite address of "sister-in-law." The do-be class are not allowed to wear the dress of respectable Chinese. They are estimated at between two and three thousand, and are only found in the province of Che keang. After the lapse of four or five centuries, since the time of their first offence, they still continue to suffer hereditary degradation, the cruel infliction of despotic vengeance.

SHANG-HAI.

Shang-hai, the most important of all the open ports, is situated in the province of Keang-soo, on the Woo-sung river, in latitude $31^{\circ} 24'$, N., and in the district of Kean-nan, of which the chief city is Peking.— The city is surrounded by a wall about three miles in circuit, and six gates open into the suburbs. Around the outside of the wall, is a canal, about twenty feet broad. Its commercial advantages can hardly be

too highly rated. Shang-hai is the entrepôt for the trade of Shantung and Tartary on the North, the outport of all the central provinces of the Empire, the grand emporium for Fokeen and Formosa, from the South, the port and usual point of access to Soo-Chow, (which is the metropolis of fashion and native literature, or rendezvous for the trade of the Yang-tze-keang and the Grand Canal, the main courses of inland commerce) and the chief place open to foreigners in the North of China. The climate is salubrious although the thermometer varies from 100° down to 24° Frt., at different seasons, and the country around is highly cultivated. The population is estimated at two hundred thousand. The people are industrious and friendly. The heads of the native firms generally reside at Soo-Chow, about fifty or eighty miles distant, leaving brokers, or clerks to do their local business.— Public buildings here claiming particular notice are few; among them is a fair proportion of temples, which give, in most cases a temporary lodging, or hotel to strangers and merchants from other provinces. Here are also a greater number than usual of tea-taverns, in which little companies varying from ten to thirty persons are generally assembled. For three or four copper cash, less than one farthing, the laboring people of the poorest class, can enter one of these establishments, and drink a beverage which refreshes and exhilarates, but never intoxicates, and peaceful quiet, order and harmony, generally, pervade the merry group. The only addition to the tea seems to be smoking tobacco, and animated faces often tell the earnestness with which these poor men are debating over their harmless cups, some interesting question or event of the day. It is a pleasure to contrast the crowded

state of these Tea-taverns, with the generally empty condition of the few neighboring tsew-fang or wine-shops.

And here we find, among the Chinese, what some have, in former times been disposed to deny, that is, benevolent institutions, as the fruits of pagan morality. The Hall of United Benevolence has its hospital, and cemetery, and similar abodes of charity in different parts of the city and suburbs, at which coffins are provided, and funeral charges paid for the unclaimed dead, and a few aged and infirm persons are also assisted, the Institution being supported by private subscription. The Yesh-ying-tang, or Foundling Hospital, maintained in the same way, is intended to save the lives of infants and to take care of the female children of the poor.

At Shang-hai, and in the adjacent country there are large numbers of Roman Catholics. Their chief settlement where the Bishop resides, is about four miles distant on the opposite side of the river.—His diocese is computed to contain about (60,000) sixty thousand persons, and his pastoral address, consequent on learning, at Soo-chow, the proclamation of religious toleration, was so bold, that the Mandarins took umbrage; the Tsung-tuh, said that he had only two provinces under his government, but that the Bishop assumed three. It is to be presumed, that he did not exactly understand how small was the limit of this jurisdiction compared with that of the Pope, who sits enthroned in the same church at Rome, whilst in his sacred sovereignty he claims a divine right to govern the church, over the whole world.—Protestant Christianity is also represented here. Able, active and devoted missionaries are now among these once isolated heathens, ready to live, and if necessary to die in a

foreign land, in the grand effort to put down falsehood, superstition and idolatry. The Rev. W. J. Boone, M. D., went from Charleston, S. C., to Batavia in 1837, removed to Amoy in 1842, and on a visit to the United States in 1844, was consecrated the first Bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church in China. On his return to the Empire in 1845, he removed with his family, and other missionaries, to Shang-hai, where he now resides. The following facts are given in a few brief extracts from a letter of Bishop Boone, dated July 8th, 1845. In regard to the city, he writes:

"It is near to and holds constant intercourse with Nanking and Soo-Chow, which are places of high literary character and of great wealth and commercial influence. Su-Chow, about thirty miles distant, has been styled the London of China—how correctly I cannot say, but, undoubtedly it is one of the places of first importance in China. The climate has, so far, proved healthy to European constitutions. The summers, though very hot, the thermometer ranging as high as 100° Frt. in the shade, are short, there being only about ten days of such intense heat, and about two months during which it ranges between 80° and 85°; the other months of the year are pleasant. The winters are cold and bracing.

By the provisions of the treaty, we are permitted to go anywhere into the surrounding country; so that we return and sleep in Shang-hai. The ladies walk about the City with us in every direction without the slightest molestation. There are three services held in Chinese, every Sunday, at this place, in different parts of the City and all well attended. The ill will towards foreigners seems to be confined to Canton."

This account confirms the statement already given from other sources. Hence it appears that Shang-hai, and the other ports north of Canton, are not only nominally, but really open to foreigners, and in them they find the means of learning the character, manners, customs, and institutions of the Chinese. The next scene in our picture is that of a school of boys.

The teacher and his assistant are sitting at different ends of the room, each listening to the recitations of his pupil, who stands with his back turned on the teacher, rocking from side to side, uttering, with breathless haste, and in a loud singing tone some passage from the Ta-Heo. The master holds a pen and makes marks in the book, as the boy runs through his lesson. The other boys sitting at their desks, scream out their allotted task, at the top of their voices, and this is an essential part of study in a Chinese school. Keaou-seen-sang, about sixty years of age, with the literary rank of *sew-tsai*, (and his degree made him almost intolerably vain and conceited) became a teacher to one of the missionaries at Shang-hai.— Whilst instructing his reverend pupil, he found time to explain the grades of rank and the salutations of respect in polite society. He remarked: "It is usual to apply the term *sze-foo*, 'doctor,' to learned scholars, like myself, distinguished in literature. To an inferior gentleman, like yourself, a literary student, it is usual to give the title *laou-yay*, 'Sir.' He concluded this conceited speech with the request that his pupil would make an order directing his servants, always to address Keaou by the title *sze-foo*, 'doctor.' His student was once about to throw away a piece of paper, upon which were some Chinese sentences. The learned Doctor expressed very great astonishment and indignation at the dishonor done to literature. After some very grave remarks upon the subject, he wrote a short essay on the honor due to writing, and gave it to his pupil to prevent future acts of the kind. This reverence for the written character is so universal, as to support a belief that books will generally meet with no voluntary mutilation, even from the hands

of the most ignorant, among the people. During the new year festivities (at Amoy) a number of ornamented boxes about two feet in width, were seen at the space of about every two hundred yards, projecting from the corner of some house, bearing an inscription of some choice sentences, such as "Every fragrant action shall have its remembrance." These little chests are voluntarily provided, by the more superstitious shop-keepers, to collect pieces of written paper, that none may violate the sanctity of the Chinese character, by casting away these precious fragments, to be trodden under foot. At the new-moon festivities these scraps were to be consumed according to custom.

It is somewhat curious to observe how completely all our arrangements in regard to writing, are reversed in a Chinese book. The words are written in columns, and read from the top to the bottom of the page. The figure denoting the page is, with us at the top; with them upon the side. With us each page is numbered; with them the leaves. Our lines run across the page, theirs up and down. We begin at the left hand, and read to the right; they at the right, and go backwards, as we should call it, to the left. Their leaves are double, the paper being very thin, and printed only on one side; our leaves are single, made of thick paper, and printed on both sides. Their title page is at what we call the end of the book, and is generally a single column of characters, read from top to bottom. And the running titles on the successive pages, which we place horizontally on the top, they place perpendicularly upon the side.

The next subject to which we shall refer, is the mode of promotion in the Chinese army. There are regular examinations for military degrees, with the same titles of

sew-tsai, keu-jin, &c., determined by exercises in archery, gunnery, horsemanship, and other details of the warrior's duty; and promotion is given accordingly.

At a military review, witnessed at Shang-hai, the men advanced in companies, with intervals of ten feet between each man, and after discharging their matchlocks, ran back a few yards to re-load. Meanwhile another party advanced to the same spot, and after discharging their pieces, as rapidly retreated. The matchlocks were of clumsy and rude construction. There was a larger gun, of a different kind, borne to the attack by two men, one of whom supported it on his shoulder a few inches from the muzzle, and the other supporting the stock, took aim and discharged the piece. The exhibition looked very much like child's play, and seemed to be so viewed by the assembled mob. On a similar occasion, during a drill in the sword exercise, various evolutions were performed, skill, in which consisted chiefly in the piling up of shields in fantastical combination, so as to form a little wall or testudo, behind which the men retreated to shun the darts of their assailants.—Then the more advanced ranks, at another time, threw themselves on the ground, and covered themselves with their shields, while those in the rear passed over them. There was also a sham fight in which the combatants raised a loud yell, at every blow which they dealt, an awful noise by which they sought to terrify their adversaries. When the review was ended the subordinate officers approached a raised area at a little distance, to hear an address from the military Mandarin who presided. From this farce we pass to another more grave in its results, as it concerns seriously all the members of society—the relations existing between the government

and the people, one in which the actors sport with vice and crime, and are so bold, as openly and without fear, to trifle with, and take away the property, reputation and life of those who seek to gain their rights, or to redress their wrongs, through the only means by which the law is to be judicially administered. The proceedings in a Chinese court make a solemn mockery of justice. It is not an uncommon occurrence, for the accused to try acts of fraud, in open court, to offer a bribe to the police, the interpreter or the magistrate. The people know full well, that wealth and individual influence can act against, and subvert the law, and they have become accustomed to a system in which money very often decides the cause. To illustrate some of these facts, we cite the two following cases. A wealthy native merchant, apprehended with some stolen articles on his person, pleaded that he was not the thief, and offered to bring the real offender, he soon found a poor man to act as his substitute, who went before the magistrate and confessed the crime. The innocent convict, was sentenced, among other things to lose his queue, an infamous punishment in the mind of a Chinese, equal to outlawry. This low degradation was so unexpected and appalling that the wretched sufferer earnestly begged to be exempted from this part of the judgment of the court, and brought witnesses to prove that the rich merchant, who had now fled, had bribed him, by the sum of a hundred dollars, to plead guilty of the crime, and to be his substitute in suffering the penalty. Such cases are frequently connived at, and tolerated by the Chinese magistrates. At Shang-hai, among the convicts, on one occasion, a man was seen bearing a large wooden collar, to be worn four months. The culprit seem-

ed to be in very good spirits, though rather the worse in appearance for his clumsy collar, which spread out two feet in each direction from under his neck. He too was only the poor substitute for a rich criminal, who had been sentenced, for theft, to wear the wooden collar, for four months. One month had elapsed. The wealthy man, against whom, in this case, the judgment had been pronounced, was pursuing his usual business in a distant city, and after three months more of torture, the innocent collar-bearer was to be released, with a pecuniary reward for his four months' captivity and disgrace. Such is the depravity of the magistrates and of the people. In China—in all the world—

Quid leges sine moribus Vanæ proficiunt?

Instead of producing order and quiet—this corrupt system leads to chaos and confusion. The law must rest upon principles of truth, justice, and humanity, or its voice cannot produce peace in society. In China, the cruel maxim of the criminal jurisprudence is, the very reverse of ours, which declares it better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent to suffer, or to die unjustly. The Emperor proclaims the rule of his policy to be, that it is better for ninety-nine innocent men to suffer and to die, rather than that one guilty should escape. Punishment, therefore, is not intended to prevent

crime, nor to reform the criminal. It seems to have no moral end in view—there is no sacredness, or majesty about its source—and its operation is unequal and infamous.

Under such circumstances crime loses its real character. With a golden crown and a mantle of fraud, Vice may walk without shame, in the brightest light of day. And, low indeed is the standard of virtue among those who know no just or fixed principles in law, and no purity or sincerity in religion. Hence the progress of past centuries, and of this age of industry, art, science, and general knowledge, the discovery of a new continent, useful and varied inventions of the human mind, and all the works of man sink into insignificance when compared with an earnest effort to put down the ignorance and superstition which now prevail in the empire of China. The object then of this imperfect view of the Consular Cities of China, which falls very far short of the entire picture, is not only to engage, or to divert for a few moments, with a view of the peculiarities of a most eccentric nation; not to praise their works of ingenuity and skill; or to bring to light their gross vices; it is to create a stronger bond of sympathy between us and them, to turn, more closely, the attention of educated and thinking minds to the real condition of about one-third of the whole race of man.

THE IDEAL IN ART.

The Ideal in Art, is not, as some writers contend, an acquired taste; It is, in truth, a faculty developed; ed.

TRIP TO CUBA.

NO. VII.—CONCLUDED.

Had we suffered our inclinations to decide for us, we should have been in no haste to take our departure from the estate of T—. Our hosts and hostess were kind and considerate, shewed us the gardens and orchards, took us to drive to the neighboring estates, gave us their time and their society, pressed us to prolong our visit, and fulfilled all the requirements of a whole-souled hospitality. But our time was limited, and we were fearful besides, that by prolonging our visit we might interfere with their plans: for we felt sure, from their tone and bearing, that they would suffer inconvenience from our stay, rather than intimate in the remotest way, that our visit might be unseasonable. Wherefore, we resolved to return to Havana.

The atmosphere of this plantation, which was distant several miles from the sea-shore, and sheltered from the east winds, was especially balmy, and congenial to persons of weak or irritable lungs. At Havana, when the northeast winds blew, the bronchial affection with which I was troubled, did not fail to return, and oppress my respiration. The contrast between the heated atmosphere of the city, and the chilly wind from the gulf, was too violent, not to affect injuriously all who suffered from over sensitive organs of respiration. The same contrast was felt in Matanzas, and it must be felt I presume in all parallel situations—at this season of the year (March) when the atmosphere from the sea is still cold—while the power of the

sun has been enough to heat the earth—and thus temper all the breezes that pass over the land.—But on approaching the central portions of the island, you respire an atmosphere which is no longer raw and disagreeable. Your lungs expand freely, and in the vicinage of a large sugar estate especially, you breathe an air so balmy, that it seems charged with the saccharine principle, and you can easily persuade yourself that it actually “bears healing on its wings.” These then should be the situations sought for by invalids. But we hear the ringing of the alarm bell, as the train is about to start from the station house, and we must bid our kind and hospitable friends a hurried adieu, and take our places in the cars. “But are you not going to tell us something of the domestic arrangements of these Cuban families? How do they live?—What is the style of their cuisine? How are their sleeping apartments arranged? Is it true that they live so luxuriously, that delicate perfumes are burnt during the night in their chambers, that their pillow cases are embroidered, and their bed linen is of such exquisite fineness?” Dear ladies! I am sure, that on a moment’s reflection you will excuse my not answering these interesting questions! Believe me, it is not for a guest who has partaken of the hospitalities of the house, to lift the veil which falls around the sanctuary of the domestic hearth, and expose it to the gaze of strangers. Would you trust a man who had shewn himself so

thoughtless, so thankless, or incontinent? Certainly not. You would instinctively shun him. You would not yield him your confidence; for with the delicate tact that belongs to your nature, you would perceive at once, that such a man was too much absorbed in himself to observe the nice proprieties of life in regard to others!

But the cars are off—let us look around us. Assuredly these cars are exceedingly good, and in excellent order, and the company seems to be a congress of all nations.—Scarce one but is here represented. There is that fine looking English gentleman! With what intentness he is observing the country and the state of its cultivation, his pencil is often applied to a small note book, which he holds in his hand, and which after receiving a stenographic note or two is replaced in his side pocket. He is thinking of Wilberforce, and of Exeter Hall, and reflecting that but for follies of his own Imperial legislation the neighbor island of Jamaica, instead of being a warning beacon to others, and a reproach to those who perpetrated her ruin, would at this moment bloom with cotton fields, and bring to the failing hearts of Manchester spinners, a supply for which the growing harvests of all the cultivated corners of the earth, still seem to his anxious mind inadequate! Excellent sir, but for the influences of which you are thinking, Jamaica would still be a garden—but believe me, she would not grow cotton, while sugar, coffee, and tobacco continue to be objects of culture decidedly more profitable. Observe that lady, with the wide Leghorn flat, she is apparently his daughter! see with what ease she converses, keeping up the ball with three gentlemen at a time! She is right, she need not fear them, she is thoroughly educa-

ted, and in solid learning is probably an overmatch for the three!

And look at that retiring, timid looking group! They are the ladies of the land. A Cuban mother, sister, and daughters! How unmistakably modest and retiring they are! their dress, though of lightest material, is rich! their heads are bare, with their glossy black hair combed flat on their foreheads, and parted in the middle; their eyes are brown and modestly avoid encountering the gaze of strangers. Their features, though pleasing, are not quite regular, and not one tint of carmine can be detected in their olive complexions. Yet I think it would not be hard for a north-man to fall in love with one of them! How they scorn the sun! nothing to shield their faces from his glare, but that little span-gled fan, which they twirl so dexterously betwixt their fingers and thumb! That fan, is bonnet, parasol, and dictionary too, I am told! Alas! its language is a dead language to me! that, never having learnt in my youth, I must despair of ever acquiring now! And look at that other group! These are ladies of ruddy complexions, that they bring from northern climes! their large silken bonnets flaunt with bright ribbons, and bloom with artificial flowers—that nod and bob at each other, as, in tones not too subdued, they announce to each other—their estimate and opinion of men and things! They belong evidently to “the universal Yankee nation!” In their forecast, they have come to survey the land, and decide where their portions shall be allotted them—*after the conquest!* and these burly looking gentlemen who sit near them, are their lords probably! what are they speaking of? Ha! ha! I thought so! it is not mere barren unprofitable travel with them; no such nonsense! I

overhear an offer somewhat to this effect: "You are the owner of a sugar mill, and have some boilers that are past service, as I am informed; now, sir, for every two of these, I will give you one new efficient boiler in exchange." A capital bargain methinks for the owner of the damaged articles! A passenger now accosts the speculator in defunct boilers: "There are," says he, "a number of these articles at B—which you may secure on the very liberal terms you now propose." "Indeed!" says our northman, pricking up his ears. "Does the train pass that way?" "No sir, you will have to stop at the next station, leave the cars, and hire a volante to take you there." "What a pity," said he of the boilers, "we can't stop, we have ladies with us, and they are booked for Havana. We cannot leave them in a strange country." "Don't make us an excuse; don't give our helplessness as a reason, I entreat you," interposed one of the ladies; "we can take care of ourselves, I assure you." At this stage of the proceedings, I made my bow, and assured the ladies that there was a countryman of theirs on the cars, who would gladly offer his assistance in case of need. The proffer was promptly accepted—but the place was clearly a sinecure, for on my arrival at the Deposito at Havana, long before we could secure a volante and transportation for our baggage, these practiced travelers had already fitted themselves with carriages, and were en route for their hotel. "Thank you for nothing," their merry faces seemed to say, as they passed me on their way, while I still stood higgling with calaseros and baggage porters for my own conveyance. They had probably telegraphed their expected arrival, and found coaches awaiting them at the station, from which,

they who place comfort above expense, may take a useful hint.

Conversation in a rail car is not always agreeable. I have got the habit of looking out at the landscape, and judging of the condition and tastes of the people, by observing the style of their buildings, and the state of their cultivation; and when that resource fails, I study the people about me; and it is strange after some experience as a traveler, how accurately one can judge of their nationality, their social position, and their intellectual training; and how shrewdly one may guess as to their past histories, simply from observing their bearing and manners, and where no other clue whatever has been given as to the antecedents of the parties! I observed a well dressed person sitting apart from others; his light white summer costume was "*a l'espagnol*," but he wore a narrow rimmed white beaver instead of a manilla hat.—From this peculiarity in his dress, as well as from a certain *brusquerie* in his carriage, I concluded he was a Frenchman, and accosting him in French, he met my advance with a politeness unattainable by a man of any other nation, and replied in such delightful Parisian accents as it was a positive pleasure to hear! He was flattered at being recognized as a Frenchman by his manner and style alone, and gave me credit doubtless for discernment in having discovered it, before his tongue had uttered a single word to indicate his nationality!

On a seat to my left, removed but by a few feet from mine, there sat a young man roughly dressed; his shirt collar limp, and turned down so as to expose his sinewy sunburnt neck. I thought I had seen just such a figure somewhere "down east" in my wandering in that ilk, and accosted him with a perfect confidence that I had guessed both

his nationality and his pursuit.—“How do you like this country in summer?” said I. “Oh, its well enough if you work under cover,” said he, turning full on me, and giving me the benefit of a blast of garlic that took away my breath! “Have you tried many?” said I, lifting a sash. “Two I reckon!” and two more blasts reached me, but glanced off out of the window. “I should judge,” said I, sneezing, “that you found the country pleasant, and had taken kindly to its customs?” “It’s a good place enough for a mechanic—wages are high, and when you know how to go about it, living is reasonable!—Plenty of fruit—segars cheap—and not much money going out for fire wood, haw! haw! haw!” which last cachinnations, were attended by ejaculations of garlic so overpowering, that I turned my head fairly out of the window, and gave up the unprofitable conversation, every explanation whereof had drawn tears from my eyes, or given me an unpleasant fillip on the nose! There were some other characters on the cars, whose conversation I did not invite, and whom I did not care to rouse from their simulated sleep. They were Spanish officials, ensconced in corner seats, stealthily scanning the company from under their dark scowling brows—deciding whether they were abolitionists or fillibusteros—both of which classes of worthies are suspected and specially commended to the attentions of the Cuban police. You could not look on these men without being reminded of those formidable Alguarils, of whom Gil Blas, and his man Scipio, entertained such a wholesome terror!—There were no Priests that I remember on our cars—neither were there gentlemen travelling with their fighting cocks, to fill up an unoccupied hour by a relishing set-to,

while “*en route*.” But at a station house on the way, I saw a smart Montero step from the second class cars with a cock under his arm, which he was fondling and caressing, as a lady would a poodle, if haply her affections were not more worthily pre-occupied by something in the shape of a baby! The transition from a baby to a woman is very natural, and I cannot forbear to say, that at this same *station house*, I saw a specimen of womanhood that I can never forget. She was apparently of the Montero class, was plainly dressed, and was sitting with several young women of her own age upon a wooden bench in the open portico, with an absolute indifference to heat and glare!—She was compactly formed, her face massive and napoleonic, her hair dark and straight, and her eyes! they were the most fearfully magnificent I had ever gazed on! large, black, lustrous! full of power, full of passion, full of daring! The moment her glance fell upon you, you were fascinated; you were mesmerized! Whom could not such eyes control? How strange, were they capable of such a mood, to see them melt in tenderness! How terrible to see them flash in indignation! What fearful history might belong to the possessor of this hashed volcano, fraught with latent thunderbolts! Could their possessor after all, be a mere commonplace personage, not elevated above the masses by noble aspirations?—Could her pursuits be vulgar, her desires sordid like theirs? I never saw any human being of whom I would so unhesitatingly pre-suppose the possession of high and heroic sentiments? and yet, “*Quien sabe?*” It is ill judging of a tenement by looking in at the windows! I had heard of such eyes before, but never seen them! I had read of an im-
pressible countryman of mine who

discovered such a pair among the Gitanas of Seville, and was mesmerized to that degree that his purse was extracted from his pocket, while he, unconscious of his loss, remained dazzled and bewildered by their glance! I know not that this was a Gitana! I know not that her eyes were put to such profitable uses! but I feel that if ever I looked upon a sorceress it was she! But the cars are in motion—the possessor of the bright eyes has disappeared forever from my view! but the eyes themselves still pursue me, haunt me in my sleep, and gleam on me from the paper as I write!

Returned to Havana, we separate with regret from traveling companions, in whose society we had passed some pleasant days! They take the steamer for New Orleans, while we, with renovated health, find ourselves again on the familiar deck of the Isabel—and after a voyage unmarked by striking incident, disembark in safety, and plant our feet once more upon the soil of our native land!

And now, gentle reader! if I have been fortunate enough to secure your attention—even to my journey's end—I desire to thank you for your good nature, and to bestow on you at parting, the benediction, familiar to all who have sojourned in a Spanish land, "May you live a thousand years!" And for the few suggestions and reflections which I here intend to add, as a fitting sequel to what has been already written, I desire to claim from you a like indulgent consideration!

If we consider the actual condition of Cuba, as she now presents herself to our observation, we will find her under the worst form of government—an unchecked despotism—exercised by deputy—enjoying an extraordinary degree of prosperity. I suppose none will be found hardy enough to deny the

fact of her profuse wealth, centering chiefly with the agricultural and commercial classes—and that, not the result of inheritance—not coming from a remote ancestry—as happens in most countries of Europe—but recent, and the result of successful industry exerted within the last two or three generations. I desire to impress on the mind of the reader this fact—that the prosperity in question, in spite as we have said, of this execrable government, in which the property holders are unrepresented, and are subject to all kinds of misgovernment and exaction—must spring from some most sufficient and abounding cause—since it endures so much, and notwithstanding, sustains itself, at a point unattained by any other country of the world!

If we consider the geographical position of Cuba—placed as she is between the Gulf and the Caribbean sea, and stretching for nearly seven hundred miles just within the northern limits of the tropics—and reflect on the valuable and indispensable productions that belong to this belt of latitude—and then on her geological magnificence and the extraordinary fertility of her soil—we begin to comprehend what the elements are that go to the formation of her unrivaled wealth?—The main causes then, are climate, and fertility of soil. But when we look around the Archipelago of islands, in the same belt of latitude, and of rich, but it may be, of not so exceedingly rich a soil as that of the island in question—we shall find none equalling her or approaching her in prosperity—and wherefore? we must by enquiry and reflection endeavor to arrive at the solution of this problem!

Here is the fine island of Hispaniola—what is her condition? Let us refer to the authorities, (Commercial Reports published by gov-

ernment,) to decide this question. In the year 1790, while she yet remained a colony of France, she exported 70 millions pounds of white sugar, 93 millions of brown, 68 millions of pounds of coffee, 6 millions pounds of cotton, valued together with indigo, and other products, at 27,820,000 dollars! St. Domingo then had, to 38,000 whites, and 8,000 free blacks; 455,000 negroes, (slaves) employed in field labor. Then came the frenzy of the Revolution—the slaves were liberated, and the island was wrested from the possession of France!—Now see the result of free negro dominion; we quote from the public documents: "Sugar, indigo and tobacco, have disappeared from the list of exports; of cotton but a trifle is now produced." "Mahogany, and coffee, gathered from the wild coffee trees, the remnants of French domination, are now their main reliance." "The total value of their present exports having shrunk from 205 millions of francs, to three millions five hundred thousand francs!" And what is the condition of Jamaica! Her exports, which once amounted, under a different polity, when her soil was cultivated by slaves instead of apprentices, to \$——, are now reduced to the pitiful amount of some four hundred thousand dollars a year, (a sum which the crops of two Cuban sugar planters will over-balance) while her imports exceed one million three hundred thousand, and shew a balance of trade against her of more than 800,000 dollars annually!

The peculiar source of the prosperity of Cuba then, is, *her possession of slave labor!* She owns six hundred thousand slaves! It is this element which she has, and which the others want; and by all logical sequence, you must ascribe her unquestionable superiority to

this cause. It is as clear as proof can make it! but this matters nothing to the Abolitionist! He wont believe the proofs—more than this—he wont read them! He don't wish for the truth, and he wont find it. It would only serve to destroy his self-esteem, which he cherishes even more than another man. It would but show him what an ass he was, and what asses he had made his idols!

It is slave labor then. It is the possession of these six hundred thousand African slaves, which is the peculiar source of her prosperity. They are employed in the production of sugar, molasses, aguardiente, coffee, tobacco, fruits, indian corn, potatoes, and cotton, whenever the price justifies the culture; but if cotton is not now produced, the neglect comes from economic and not from climatic reasons—it is simply because this article of culture is now less remunerating than the others!

In the third volume of Commercial Reports, printed by order of the Senate, page 146, we have "*the computed value of the production of Cuba in 1855,*" amounting to a total of \$77,900,000—a sum almost incredible when considered in reference to the laboring force producing it! Of all the agricultural products which go to compose this immense amount, the sugar is the most important. In the table from which we quote, the sugar is set down at a valuation of.....\$36,000,000

Molasses	2,400,000
Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, &c.	32,000,000
Fruits	2,000,000
Coffee, rum, wax, honey, minerals, &c.	5,500,000

Total.....\$77,900,000

Now the number of slaves to whose labor this amount is credited, if the Cuban authorities are to be

believed, is but 436,000; but relying on the information derived from the Cuban planters themselves, I have assumed the actual number to be 600,000. The amount of \$77,900,000 produced by these, seems almost fabulous. The actual exports of the year were thirty-two millions, and are sufficiently startling, leaving an immense amount for domestic consumption, and appropriations in ways I cannot undertake to explain. By the Report of the Sec. of the Treasury just published, her exports to America alone, amounted, the last year, to forty-five millions of dollars!

Where in the world besides, can there be shewn a like result from the same application of labor!

And here some cavilling dissident will bray in the remark, "*African labor*, say you? Why should that be *slave labor*? Why not leave him free, and let him work and receive his hire, as other laborers do, in temperate climates?" Why thou lineal descendant! thou undoubted progeny of the beast bestrode by Balaam, that talkest without the inspiration of thy progenitor; does Jamaica, does St. Domingo speak nothing intelligible to you? Do you wish to learn something?—Know then, all African labor in tropical climates is compulsory labor! The negro will not labor, unless made to labor; and happy he who has a master to care for his wants, while he exacts his service, and restrain him for his own good in cases where he seldom exerts self restraint, as is but too well known. But my purpose is not to argue of colors, with the blind—(they think themselves always the keenest judges.) I simply want to point to this peculiar labor, as the origin of the Cuban wealth! This mine diffuses its ore throughout every section, and to every inhabitant of the island. Generated as

we have been, it brings wealth to the proprietors, pays the overseers, clerks, engineers, and carpenters, all the men of white blood directly concerned in the culture and manufacture, pays profits to factors, salesmen, merchants, ship owners, or store keepers, who vend the articles themselves, or those which are brought back in exchange for the domestic products. The monies which circulate every where, which enliven and vivify all the channels of commerce, are derived from this one sufficing source—African slave labor! These valuable agricultural products, shipped to the mother country, purchase her products in return, and come to the Cuban consumer at a lighter duty than the productions of other countries.—This preference even if short of monopoly, is a source of prosperity to Spain. The revenues raised from this source, as well as the greater ones raised from foreign commodities, and the internal taxes, all go into the coffers of the State, to an annual amount of from 25 to 30 millions, and are remitted to Spain to pamper royal luxury, and to pay the salaries of government officers, and the expenses of the Army and Navy, employed in the defence of Cuba! Cuba thus emphatically pays for the armaments that keep her in subjection! furnishes the stick that breaks her own head, and gilds it ostentatiously besides! Can Cuba, these things being so, emancipate her slaves? or what is the same thing, dispense with slave labor! There are dreamers who think so; but what silly things will not dreamers think! Jamaica did not emancipate hers. It was the Imperial government which did it, in defiance of her will and interest, and compounded with her cheveril conscience, by paying her a scant stipend, as the assumed value of her slaves, leaving the hopeless de-

preciation of the land, unconsidered in the forced transaction!

The statistics applicable to this question will show that what Jamaica lost, Cuba has gained.

Neither did St. Domingo liberate her slaves—the destruction was the fiat of the *convention*! She fell a victim to the *sans culottes* during the frenzy of the French revolution! Liberty, fraternity, equality! were the cabalistic words that ruined a prosperous colony—gave the accomplished, elegant, highly cultivated creoles to the butchery of a bloody frantic multitude, or compelled them to take refuge in flight!

Well! what have these emancipated slaves done for themselves or for the country, in St. Domingo? They are a by-word of contempt! And what have the emancipated blacks done for themselves, or the colony in Jamaica? They verify to the very letter what I have affirmed of them—they will not work unless compelled to work!

Cuba is perfectly aware of the working of the free system in St. Domingo, and the apprentice system in Jamaica. She will accept neither. She cannot be persuaded to embrace suicide as a remedy, and I am satisfied if Spain, in her besotted bigotry, or her representatives in the Gulf, acting under like influences, shall attempt to establish either of these systems in Cuba, that Cuba will revolt, and in that revolt, we shall behold the beginning of the end!

We must look at the constitution of society in Cuba, in order to understand this. There are, at the head, planters—the slave owners—whose crops, as we have shown, are the source of all prosperity. These are almost exclusively Creoles, or Cubans by birth—come of Spanish parentage; their interest in the existing state of things is too

plain to be disputed. Then, there are the merchants, who exchange these agricultural products for foreign goods, which they import. These may be Cubans, or Catalans, or Peninsulars, by nationality; but they are equally interested in the system which provides the products which serve as the basis of their exchanges. Cut off these, and they are bankrupt! Then, there are the manufacturers, the store-keepers, the tradesmen, the artisans, who draw their support directly or indirectly, from this great fund, generated, as we have seen! The very placemen of the Peninsular government have a monied interest in the system; for, should that fail, their salaries would be imperilled: and there is no class that would not sympathize with the Cubans, if their peculiar institutions were assailed; but the army, whose pride, as Spaniards, might make them insensible to the wrong done to a *province* which they were expressly sent to overawe!

Nations are governed by their interests, even more surely than individuals; for nations are controlled by politicians who represent, it may be, more than the average intelligence of a people, but less than the average scrupulosity. Now, what the interests of Cuba may be deemed in regard to her system of African slavery, is not matter of conjecture. They are so controlling that no power has been able to suppress the slave trade, which she deems essential to the support of that system, and Cuba receives her annual supply from Africa, though there is a treaty between England and Spain, by which the latter stipulates to exclude them, though fleets are stationed on the coasts to prevent their introduction; and though in subserviency to England, she has stooped to stigmatize herself by denouncing the trade as piracy. Not-

withstanding all this, and that a mixed commission exists, and holds its sessions at Havana, to determine on the spot, on the alleged violations of the treaty, the slave trade still exists and flourishes in Cuba! Why? because it is the interest of the people, it is understood to be so, and all classes sympathize in the measures which tend to its support. First, the Cubans, who are the planters; secondly, the Catalans, who are the merchants, tradesmen, *ship-owners* and *navigators* of these very slave ships, which their own government denounces as piratical! There is besides, without doubt, a disposition in the Spanish mind, whether Creole or Peninsular, to connive at the violation of this treaty stipulation, from a feeling of wounded national pride; because the Spaniard, in spite of his lofty self-opinion, well knows that it was forced upon Spain by England; that not a Spanish, but an English interest prevailed in its adoption—an interest not free from the imputation that she was aiming, by this means, and under pretext of her public morality, (the very plea an insult,) to reduce this magnificent colony of Spain to the same condition of hopeless inanity with her own victimized Jamaica! Thus the slaves embark from Africa, escaping the British and American cruisers—land in Cuba, escaping the vigilance of the Captain General, (who may have been mesmerized into a convenient slumber by the friction of the golden ounce,) and of the mixed commission, (who may have been feasting at the country houses of the expectant planters, for aught we know, while the cargoes were being duly cared for!) Once landed, they disappear as if by magic—(by an underground railroad perhaps.) It is held violatory of the proprieties, we understand, to pursue them on a

gentleman's plantation. If they do not appear unnecessarily in the public thoroughfares, until their tongues have acquired a smattering of Spanish, so as to conceal the recency of their importation, *all will be right. These various facts, showing the encouragement given to the slave trade, prove incontestably the devotion of the Cubans to the system of slave labor!*

As to the Cooly system, attempted as a substitution for the African, I saw enough to convince me that it was, and must be, a failure! The Cooly is incapable of enduring the heat of the climate; he is unfitted for the severe field labors exacted of the African. No colony cultivated by these can compete successfully with another, cultivated by African slave labor. How a colony, cultivated by African apprentices, would compete with Cuba, for example, is quite another question. It is a harsher system, undoubtedly—stript of many of the charities and immunities which belong to the system of slavery now existing among us—but I cannot undertake to pronounce that it would be a failure! The difficulties that I see, are at the inception. England, France, Spain and the United States, are pledged to suppress the slave trade; and they have all denounced it as piracy! England has been shipping Coolies, and wishes to ship Sepoys, (not exactly a violation of the treaty, I admit.) But France has assumed and exercised the right of shipping African negroes to her colonies! How does she get them? Do they voluntarily engage themselves as apprentices? Is it not palpable that they are first made slaves before they can be compelled to become apprentices? Is not her act virtually a revival of the slave trade in Africa? and when these slave apprentices appear on the

high seas, in armed vessels, under the French flag, will Lord Palmerston order their capture by British cruisers? Will our own government order their capture? Better recall our African squadron! Better annul the treaty than submit to play the subservient part that will be assigned us in this great national farce, "*The Suppression of the Slave Trade!*" bespoken by Exeter Hall, "*mise en scene*," by Queen, Lords and Commons in England, with great applause and clang of trumpet; lauded by toadies and sympathizing philanthropists in America; applauded and hissed in the same breath by Spain, (" 'tis as easy as lying"—'tis but governing these ventages,") "approved" by the high umpirage of France—but now that the tide has turned, and the Imperial policy demands a

change—about to be booted contemptuously from the stage, with but slight show of deference to those who had given it their patronage and support!

One word more in conclusion. Let Spain be wise in time! Let her dispose of her colony while she may, for if she persists in her wretched system of misrule, it will be wrested from her hands! If she interferes with the existing system of slave labor, she will excite universal disaffection! If she dares execute her ferocious threat of liberating the slaves and turning her black regiments loose against the Cubans—men of the same lineage and religion with herself—an act of such vindictive malice—such appalling atrocity—will avenge itself! the knell of her domination in Cuba will have been rung!

THE SARACENIA.

I bring you here to see,

The Yellow Saracenia, whose bright flowers
Seem models for a silken canopy.

The yellow pendant petals are the curtains:

The hollow leaves, like Amalthæa's horn,

With lid, spontaneous shutting at each draught,

Hold safe within, a cup full of sweet waters,

Freshening and cool, and soft as morning dews.

CREEPERS.

Creepers are emblems of a timid love,
Born of dependence, of the sense of fear,
And weakness. They will crouch, and, spirally,
Involve their feeble muscles, so to spring,
As to take captive—if but near enough—
The grand and mighty shafts for which they yearn.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

[Somewhat against our own convictions of propriety, we have consented to publish this curious account of Hasheesh experience, differing as it does, in certain details from all other accounts that we have seen. The author urges that a recent Literary notice, under the Editorial head of this Magazine, was the immediate cause of his experiment, and upon that ground he places his claim to be presented to the readers of "*Russell*."

We might easily, and with perfect justice, dispute, and we think, logically nullify his argument, but in *this instance*, we have consented to waive our objections, and to publish our correspondent's article, which is perhaps not destitute of interest.—ED. RUSSELL.]

*"Wär nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,
Wie könnten wir zur Sonne blicken?
Wär nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,
Wie könnt uns Göttliches entzücken?"*

In the course of a voyage from England, to this country, some years ago, I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman whose eccentricities of manner were so remarkable, that some of our fellow passengers did not hesitate to pronounce him insane.

His name was Smith—a name redeemed from its common-placeness since the advent of the great "Alexander," and he was returning to his family in New York after a residence—so he informed us—of fifteen prosperous years in India.—His manner, I have said, was peculiar. When I first saw him, he was walking the quarter deck with long, regular strides, his face—a manly and expressive one—lifted up in the moonlight, and full of a meaning I found it impossible to decipher.—Subsequently, a mutual acquaintance introduced us, and in a very short time, we grew wonderfully sociable and communicative. In *one* respect, however, Mr. Smith proved an enigma; I could never divine from what perennial sources of cheerfulness, and spiritual activity, there flowed such an exhaustless tide of humor, sentiment, eloquence, and poetry as seldom failed to charm his listeners. The man seemed to be inspired, so that not unfrequently he became the centre of an eager audience, who regarded him with significant wonder, and

hung upon his words with a sort of rapture it was curious to witness.

Gradually, the report spread that Mr. Smith was mad, that all his eloquence, and fluent beauty of expression sprung from a diseased condition of the brain. With some reluctance, I myself adopted this conclusion. My comrade (we were eternally together,) was fond of hinting at some great discovery which he had made in the East; he spoke of the Philosopher's stone, of the Arabian Nights, and Haroun-Al-Raschid, of the occult powers of nature, of the Rosicrucians, the "Old Man of the Mountain," the shroud-bearing Moslem in Mecca, Madame Guyon, Angelus Silesius, and Mr. Ralph Woldo Emerson.—Then, he would discourse of the eternity of the spirit, and of radiant glimpses vouchsafed to him alone, of verities such as the heart of man has ever yearned to comprehend, and the Poets and Metaphysicians have struggled to grasp, and body forth in tangible shape and method, from Plato to Paracelsus, from Paracelsus to the Cambridge Neo-Platonists of yesterday. But the strangest portion of my experience with regard to Mr. Smith is yet to come. I met him six months after we had parted on a New York wharf, upon which occasion, he shed tears of anguish, and expressed

himself as utterly bereaved and broken-hearted, at a large Northern watering-place. I scarcely knew him. He was transformed to a degree that startled me. The individual who had been wont to discourse of heavenly and supernal things, who quoted the "Cherubic Worshipper," and attempted to expound the *Cabala*, now talked of Wall Street stocks, the New Exchange, the state of Consols, and the price of Cotton in Manchester. Even his countenance, before so expressive of deep thought, and a sort of introspective enthusiasm, seemed to have wofully deteriorated; the features looked pinched, and insignificant, and about the eyes particularly, formerly a glow with intellect, earnestness, passion, I fancied that a cunning leer was discernable, which impressed me uncomfortably. "Poor creature!" I said to myself, "his madness has taken a new and much lower turn!"

I went up to my old acquaintance, and addressed him with a great show of cordiality. Would you believe it? the ungrateful fellow hardly appeared to recognize me; our conversation was cold and formal and we parted I am sure, thoroughly disgusted with each other.—Only recently has the mystery been cleared up. The Editors of *Russell's Magazine* will probably be surprised to hear, that I owe the solution of the enigma to *them*!—"How!" those worthy gentlemen may exclaim, "pray honored contributor! are you altogether *compos* just now! come, explain; if thou hast a "Tale," unfold it!" "That is my purpose, Messrs. Editors, only favor me with your attention, and all will be made clear to you."

Among your *Literary Notices* published in the January number, the review of a late work called "The Hasheesh-Eater" happened to attract me. I read it through.—

"Now," said I, "the matter is explained"—Mr. Smith had been using the *Cannabis Indica*, and hence his marvellous exaltation of fancy; when I last saw him, the drug had ceased to work its magic spells, and hence the revelation of the opposite *pole* of his nature, the *pole* whereon I suspect that Mr. Smith's existence mainly revolves."

The more I thought of it, the more firm the conviction grew that my conjecture was correct. I wrote to Mr. Smith, and respectfully asked for enlightenment. He replied hurriedly, and in evident trepidation, that he *had been* so foolish as to acquire the habit while in India, of hasheesh-eating, but that now he was married, and had conquered his weakness forever. The letter went on to say that the writer deemed it due to his character, and present *responsible* position to make the confession, but that he trusted to my honor not to reveal it; "Should Mrs. S.— discover the fact, I know not," he declared, "what would become of me!"

Only five weeks ago, however, the parties were divorced; Smith to console himself for a matrimonial "flare up," and determined to "assert his manhood" against the despotic temper of his consort, took two enormous boluses of Hasheesh, under the delirious excitement of which, he threw Mrs. Smith out of the second story window. The good lady's hooped dress saved her from destruction, but of course, she immediately went back to her Papa.

The ultimate consequence was, as we have said, a divorce, and tremendous damages. During the painful proceedings pending the trial of the case, Mr. Smith became more violently addicted to *Cannabis Indica* than ever. He has communicated his feelings to me, in his former glowing and impressive style; the very paper which bears his

communications, looks vivid, and burning with almost sentient life. I need scarcely say that he has released me from all obligation to secrecy.

These letters were more than frail human nature, (my special frailty at least,) could withstand. I determined to invoke the genius of Hasheesh, and personally to test its powers. Long had I been pining to surrender myself to the glamour of some potent spell which might lift me, were it but for a moment, from the dull actualities of a plodding 'round of cares and duties—up into the sunshine of a brighter sphere, and an experience more strong, vivid, and immaterial. I know that my desire will be pronounced by the moral reader, (who never groaned probably under the burden of which I speak, and who finds the earth and its *legitimate* flesh pots a sufficient satisfaction for all needs present, and potential,) weak, if not wicked. No matter, my moral friend!! Weakness and wickedness are quite in the line of every-day-human business; *you* may have your little peccadilloes also, were it worth our while to search them out; therefore be moderate in your censure!

I betook myself to an Apothecary with whom I was accustomed to deal—a man “jolly and sleek and jocund,” who might be taken as the type of his class in these modern times, when Apothecaries are a power in the land, and might well resent a comparison with the “meagre-looking” wight in *Romeo and Juliet*,

“With tattered weeds, and overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples”—
as a comparison equally imperti-

nent and *mal apropos*! I begged to be supplied with a half dozen pills of the genuine *Cannabis Indica*, stating that I desired to experiment, but upon what, or whom, I prudently left the good Doctor to surmise for himself.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of one of those delicious days, which until very recently, have caused our Charleston winter to appear like a spring season in the Tropics; I valiantly swallowed a fifteen grain bolus of the magical Eastern drug—the “insane root,” as Mr. Bayard Taylor irreverently calls it. I then commanded a broad bottomed, luxurious arm chair, an heir loom of the family—to be rolled out into the spacious piazza, and having carefully adjusted myself therein, awaited with anxious, thrilling expectation, the pleasure of the weird enchanter, to whose hands I had incontinently committed my spirit. The scene about, and above me, was glorious in the calm of its perfect beauty. Not a cloud, save one solitary band of white, transparent vapors, changed momentarily into “something new and strange,” by the golden alchemy of sunlight—could be seen throughout the wide spaces of the Heavens; the winds were soft and balmy; here and there a sprightly robin chirped its pleasant song among the garden trees, and glancing beyond the tops of the evergreens, and the roofs of the tall houses which formed their not inappropriate back-ground, the eye rested with delight upon the sky so inexpressibly blue, and the stately birds that swept in majestic circle higher,* and still higher towards the zenith.

It needed no *nepenthe*, no *philtre*, no artificial stimulant in the

* We suppose, of course, that our contributor alludes to the *Turkey Buzzard*, a species of bird which however awkward and disgusting when seen upon the ground, might at any height in the air be almost mistaken for the *Eagle* himself.

midst of *such* a scene, to steep the soul in that "divine languor," compounded of the sensuous, and the spiritual, which is the atmosphere of Elysium. The happy moments passed unconsciously away; the sun neared the horizon, lingered as it were, lovingly upon its boundary, and then dipped, waned, and at length wholly disappeared. The tall form of a young laurel tree, surrounded with a halo in the flush of evening, stood out against the luminous West, and the breeze scarcely perceptible before, having utterly died away, it seemed as if its dark green leaves, had been awed into stillness by some mysterious influence of the hour. My eyes were riveted upon this tree. Gradually, a vital motion crept thrillingly along the branches, the dark green leaves changed to transparent emerald, tipped with ruby dew, and the single white blossom which hung from an upper stem, assumed the appearance of a Crown of Pearl wreathed with fringes of the most delicate purple. Then, although not a breath of wind could be heard or felt, the Laurel bent its graceful head, and a murmur of voices, multitudinous, and of perfect harmony, yet each plainly distinguishable by itself—flowed from its thousand leaves—among them the tones strangely familiar, yet intensified to the utterance of the Spirit, of those who had bidden me farewell with broken voices, and left me desolate in the bitter past. But the tones that now reached me, expressed the concord of peace and love; no words they uttered, but a meaning deep as the life of the Eternities came with them, and the profoundest forces of the soul were moved, and stirred within me!

They surely said: "we have left you, oh! Beloved! among the shadows, and in the darkness of the Valley of Death, but the love we bore

you lives here without blight or discord, we chant it in a perfect song, waiting for the time when the shadows shall fall off about you, and the Star of the True Life shall rise."

So murmured the leaves, but as I still continued to gaze upon them, and drink in their music, the whole landscape widened; the glories of the sunset streamed through incalculable distances, and by a *strange confounding of space with time*, I fancied myself the witness of a Grecian sunset in the age of Pericles. I stood upon the heights of the Acropolis, near to the world-renowned statue of Athené, below me the Propylæa, and the grand avenues issuing from its gate; upon my right, the gleaming walls of the Parthenon; in the distance the roofs and porticoes of the city, whilst further still the billows of the Ægean, and beautiful villages with scarce a shore line between them, and the surf, lay radiant in the gorgeous atmosphere, which sparkled with emerald, and sapphire.—And still, the prospect widened, until all the great cities of ancient fame, were presented to my view—Persepolis, and Palmyra, and Babylon—and Nênevah, and Alexandria, the mystic capital of the Aztecs, and finally, the tall spires of immortal temples rising amidst the throng of strange houses, and antique pagodas, and monstrous idols on the banks of the Indus, and Ganges, or far off amongst the untracked wildernesses of Thibet.—And each city I looked upon, was in the pride of its greatness and prosperity; a hum of unknown tongues, not clamorous, but measured and distinct, rose upon the air; philosophy flowed from the lips of Athenian sages, and the spell of the Sophist was vanquished by its calm authority; the hymns of choristers celebrating the deeds of heathen Divinities, were mingled

with the rush of great rivers, and the stir of countless multitudes of men; the Olive, and the Palm tree separated by thousands of leagues, yet seemed, under the influence of some occult law, to waive, in sympathy, and not a sound in that mighty swell of life contributing to the general, and ultimate result, but possessed an individuality of its own!

But as I gazed and listened, thick vapors gathered in the dells of Hymettus, which forming into a huge mass of clouds, swept out to meet a corresponding mass from the East. They were slowly united, and darkness covered the scene.

For a brief period, Reason resumed her sway. The conviction that what I had seen was phantasmal, and illusory, the deceptive offspring of a little brown colored pill which I had swallowed an hour before, no sooner became clear to my mind, than I felt that I approached some other illusion, as complete, perhaps, as the one that had just vanished.

By a strenuous exercise of the will, however, I managed to preserve a lucid condition of the judgment, until I had walked into the parlor, where the family, together with some visitors from the neighborhood, were assembled. I soon had reason to regret my appearance among them, for I was fully under the law of *Hasheesh*, and my sensations immediately after, grew so anomalous, and confounding, that I could not but dread an exposure, the consequences of which would have been painful in the extreme.

Here let me pause to comment upon the testimony of *Hasheesh Eaters*—a testimony almost universal—which declares that when a necessity arises for concealment, it is always, (excepting in the extreme cases,) possible so far to subdue the

effects of the drug, as to retain a conventional composure of manner in the midst of the intensest excitement. As a *general* truth, I bear witness to the correctness of the assertion. By what appeared to me, a superhuman effort, I now conversed with the people about me, in a quiet tone, upon ordinary topics, although I knew—and the belief momentarily gained strength and consistency—that *my* condition was infinitely removed from *theirs*, and that no possible sympathy could ever be established between us. It is hard to embody in words the feelings which so powerfully possessed me.

Conceive, if you can, the position of one who has suddenly *entered into the experience of two distinct lives, each perfect per se, but with a mysterious force of repulsion striving as it were, completely and forever, to rend them asunder.*

And conceive further of these two lives—the spiritual, and the merely animal—with the instinct of mutual antagonism—and yet bound together by some inexplicable *third* Power, which is continually whispering that a final divorce of the dual existences, is *death*.

In such a condition of mind and body, but retaining the Will still unclouded, and triumphant, I continued to talk unconcernedly with several members of the company. I spoke to a young lady of the last night's opera, of Miss H—.'s debut at Madame B—.'s ball, of the Rev. Mr. Humdrum's style of preaching, and of the latest fashion-plates in "*Godey*."

Such were a few of the topics which employed my *lips*, and which were discussed in a purely mechanical way, but the *spirit* was absent in other regions, and absorbed by matters of infinitely greater moment. I—that is, the psychal portion of my individuality— marvelled more and

more at the wonderful domain into which it had been ushered. The conviction was overpowering that I moved, and thought wholly as a *spirit unincarnated*, that such, and no otherwise would be my state hereafter, when the rudimental* or mortal body should have given place to the complete, immortal, spiritual body.

The influence of the terrible spell which bound me, became rapidly intensified. The Will which had been for some moments sensibly relaxing its sway, at this point of my experience, almost succumbed to the flood of strange sensations, which rushed in, and possessed my whole being. I deemed it expedient to make a hasty retreat, and therefore bowing to my companion, I left the room. Now, for the first time, one of the most ordinary and universal of Hasheesh illusions seized upon me. Upon leaving the seat I had occupied, and advancing towards the door, it seemed as if each flowery figure in the pattern of the carpet, (these figures were large and very brilliant,) had been suddenly endowed with a mystic life; they were indefinitely multiplied, and spread out into measureless prairies thronged with scarlet blooms uniform in shape and color, and all steadily inclined in the direction of a moon-like lustre which bordered the distant horizon. Through interminable plains of dazzling color, and confronted by a magnificence so invariable, and resplendent as to bewilder, nay, oppress the vision, I traversed with eager step, hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands of leagues, and still the garden of Faerie stretched unbroken

around me, and the lustre on the distant horizon had not broadened into the definite rising either of sun or moon. At last, after a century's travel I emerged from the territory of flowers into the mild blaze of what ordinary people in their ordinary condition of literalness would have called, an astral lamp, but what to me was a great globe of purest flame suspended by chains of porphyry and gold from the centre of a dome of alabaster.

I have said that up to this period, the struggle between the two Principles of Life thrown into partially different spheres of action, although fierce and continual, had been moderated by a *third* conservative Principle. Suddenly, the latter was overcome. The forces which bound the spirit to its corporeal tenement, resolved themselves into unnumbered delicate chords, or conduits of feeling, and vital consciousness, and these, as if severed in one circling sweep of the shears of Atropos, parted utterly; the body sunk into a shapeless, inert mass, whilst the soul in the exultant joy of absolute freedom,

"Shone in the Empyrean, like a star."

(I found out after my recovery from this overdose of *Canabis Indica*, (for an overdose it was,) that the illusion here referred to, proceeded from the circumstance that I had *actually* fallen in the passage-way, where I remained until the frightened family discovered my condition, and had me conveyed to my chamber.

The period during which I lay in this helpless state, occupied just *two minutes*, and yet I seemed in

* "There are *two bodies*—the rudimental, and the complete; corresponding with the two conditions of the worm and the butterfly; what we call "death" is but the painful metamorphosis.

Our present incarnation is progressive, preparatory, temporary. Our future is perfected, ultimate, immortal. The ultimate life is the full design."—*Revelations of a Sleep-Walker*.

that brief space of time to have experienced the lapse of ages, let me say more boldly, and *truly*, an *Eternity* !)

I shrink from attempting a description of the visions—let me rather call them, the *revelations* that followed. Up through the beautiful spaces of a realm of ineffable peace, I floated in the stillness of the sunlight that has never known a cloud. "I have done with the earth, and the things of the earth, the body, and the things of the body," the soul whispered to itself; "the cumbrance of flesh and of pain has been rent, and cast into darkness, and lo! the eternal Father out of the exceeding fullness of the fountains of His mercy, has given it unto me, even unto me

"To begin the great Life that no Death
can o'ertake,
And to dream the great dream that no
tumult can break!"

I dare not go into the detail of the circumstances of what I saw, and heard, and felt, but reader! the solemn twilight of those august experiences is around me still, never wholly to depart, until *indeed I shall have entered within the veil!*

Ten out of a dozen persons who peruse the foregoing account, will dismiss it in a sentence, "the man was drunk! and is probably not yet recovered from his debauch!" My good friends, with *you*, drunk or

[From *Elfen-land, and other Poems*, by Benjamin West Ball, Munroe & Co., Boston, 1851.]

sober, it is *more* than probable that no dreams but dreams of men servants and of maid servants, of asses, and of oxen, would ever abide; *you* I never designed to address, or to consult; go to your ledgers and your money-rolls, your musty mortgages, and your ten per cents; it is to the two earnest-eyed Thinkers, whom you have rudely jostled on their way, that I make my appeal. *They* stand ready to catch every note, however low, every glimpse, however faint of their "father land."

Brought back into the shadows of the present existence, but with the remembrance of the glory that *was*, and *is to be*, pervading every higher avenue of thought, and being, I can sympathize with the aspirations and trembling hopes of the *PSYCHE* described in the following poem:

"In vigils lone she hears the chimes
Of voices from diviner climes,
And sees entranced the statues grand
That throng her lofty father-land,
Unwonted odours strange and rare
Float round her on the midnight air,
From gardens where her youth was
spent
Beyond the dark blue firmament.

The fleshy walls are white and thin,
Which close her yearning spirit in—
Celestial footfalls she can hear
Inaudible to grosser ear;
She mourns her lot like one exiled,
Her songs are filled with longings
wild
For home, and that serener day
Which lights the angels far away."

WINGED SEEDS.

Here you see,
Fit emblems of the wonder-working genius,
Whom soil, and shore, and sea can never bound,
But finds a universal wing and voice,
For all the continents. These seeds but need,
A wind to waft them, and they straight transmit
Their progeny, and the treasures in their gift,
To all the lands, howe'er remote, and link
The tokens of Humanity in all.

AGNES DEW.

A BALLAD.

I.

Near a clear running stream, with a voice of glee,
By foliage and flowers o'erhung,
Peeped a red-painted cot, through a willow tree,
Where carolled the mock-bird, you could not see,
The song which the weird waters sung!

II.

And this cot was the home of a maiden fair,
With eyes inexpressibly blue;
A skin like the white which the spring roses wear,
So endearingly soft that you scarce would dare
To look long upon Agnes Dew.

III.

She had lovers that vainly sought to obtain
The heart she so merrily wore;
And she laughingly vowed, again and again,
That she never would wed, to each love-stricken swain,
Whose lank shadow darkened her door.

IV.

Long years flew apace; and there came to the cot
A stranger in trappings of gold;
And the maiden believed he would link his lot
With the fairy-like bride of the humble spot
Where the hillock's voice answered the fold.

V.

Oh! she listened with cheeks, like the crimson glow
Of the vanishing God of flame,
While a knight's feather shadowed her brow of snow,
Unto musical cadences, soft and low,
That deliciously breathed her name!

VI.

But the war-trumpet severed the starry spell
That enveloped her virgin dream;
And the soldier forgot, in the stormy swell
Of the victor's shout, when the Saracen fell,
The flower by the mystic stream.

VII.

And so, when the chill winds of winter had blown
Their last breath of sleet and of snow,
And Spring woke to gird her voluptuous zone—
The rose on her breast and the dove in her tone—
Her queenliest lilly was low.

VIII.

The willow yet stands, and the streamlet is there
With its surge her grave to bedew;
But the one's paly locks, like plumes of a bier,
Trail heavily sad, and, at intervals drear,
Wails the other for Agnes Dew!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The present number commences the second year of Russell's Magazine. It has met with a cordial reception throughout the Southern States. The propriety and necessity of their possessing fit organs of expression for Southern sentiment and opinion are everywhere acknowledged. Even beyond their limits, intelligent men perceive the advantages to the world of letters of securing fit utterance for every various modification of thought and character. Although the Republic of literature is one, springing from the same source, and looking to the same great models and standards for suggestion and imitation, yet there are diversities in the forms in which they are followed—diversities growing out of the various modes of social life prevailing in different Nations. The South differs essentially, in this respect, from all civilized countries. Our polity is different; our sentiments, the character and genius of our people are more or less shaped by the influence of our peculiar condition. Its results are of deep interest to every philosophic observer of men and of their affairs. Every such intelligent investigator of social forms and modes of thought, will desire to establish and preserve adequate channels of communication for all. Apart then from every local or sectional motive of self-defence or self-assertion, there are reasons for multiplying the means for giving winged words to Southern sentiment which should and will have weight every where with all liberal thinkers.—The sneering at attempts to cultivate literature in the South which has appeared occasionally in Northern papers or periodicals, evinces nothing but the shallowness of those who indulge in it. No writer capable of just thinking would fall into any such absurdity.

However this may be, it is certain that such small discouragements will have no influence on the progress of the Southern mind. Journals and Periodicals are multiplying over all the South. In every village a newspaper springs up exhibiting increasing ability, year after year. In every State, new Magazines show the growing activity of Southern intellect in the cultivation of letters.—

Whatever the difficulties may be, the progress is sure, and will be more and more rapid as time increases the facilities that are required and removes the impediments that lie in our way.

There are some things yet wanting to secure the steady and swift advance of the Southern States in the most glorious of all fields of competition, that of literature and the arts. It is important for us to understand clearly what these things are. It is not merely a greater concentration of population beyond that which our pursuits have hitherto produced.—Something more than a great city is required to give a proper impulse to genius, to excite and reward its efforts. The whole of ancient Attica was not equal in size to a county or district of a Southern State. Other cities in Greece were as populous as Athens, and numbers of them in ancient and modern countries have been and are much more so. But in Sparta the popular attention was devoted to arms, in Corinth to wealth and commerce, in Thebes to the coarser enjoyments of sense. In no city, ancient or modern, has the enthusiastic admiration prevailed for poetry, oratory, sculpture, painting, that existed in Athens. The Athenians, crowned with garlands, listened all day long to the dramatic exhibitions of those wonderful writers whose works are still models unsurpassed in their less comprehensive limits of thought, action, and character. The audience appreciated justly, admired enthusiastically, and cherished fondly the brilliant minds that have made their city immortal. It is this deep sympathy that is needed for the encouragement of genius. An earnest and cordial welcoming of its advent, a deep interest in its movements, a joyous exultation in its triumphs—these are the incitements that are wanting to awaken to vigorous exertion the dormant but ready intellect of the Southern States. It must be fairly admitted that we have not hitherto taken the warm interest in the intellectual progress of our people that is found in the Eastern States. In Cambridge, at Yale, a commencement is a State jubilee; a college honor is noted and recorded; every effort at profounder schol-

arship or literary cultivation is encouraged and applauded. With us, beyond the persons who attend a commencement in Columbia, for other purposes, who exhibits the slightest interest in its speeches, poems or honours? Who inquires what head has been crowned with academic laurels, and what new promise of intellectual distinction has dawned on the fortunes or character of the State? From this one fact we may comprehend all that stands in the way of a more active and successful career for our Southern country in the world of letters. We must take a deeper, warmer, more systematic interest in every effort and undertaking. If to oppose the beginnings of evil be a sound maxim, to encourage the commencement of every honorable attempt in Art and Science is quite as important and imperative.

Our own humble efforts have hitherto been labours of love. We have looked for no return in gold and silver, but have steadily kept in view as the only reward we coveted, the successful fostering of that appreciation of *thought*, and its silent conquests, which is a better guarantee of national perpetuity than cannon and the force of armies. Nor did we expect that our toil would be fruitful of immediate and brilliant results. Rather, we cast our bread upon the waters, trusting to find it after *many days*.

With the publication of the second number it was deemed advisable to modify our arrangements, and in consequence, Mr. Russell became connected with the Editorial management. Mr. Hayne will however continue to discharge the duties of *Editor in Chief*, and with the active assistance of his coadjutors, and of the literary gentlemen to whose labors so much of the reputation we have attained is due, it is hoped that by striving month after month to make our Magazine more worthy the support (mental and pecuniary) of the Southern People, we may justify the confidence of our friends and meet the demands of an intelligent and cultivated community.

The facts illustrative of the world-wide influence of literature, literary relationship and literary effort, honestly directed, and proceeding alike from the heart and the head, are many and familiar. Let us mention one case, however, showing a curious relationship established between the mother country and one of our own American cities, far in the interior. The facts of the case are few and simple, but suggestive of many reflections and lessons, and above all, of the great lesson that honest, and well

directed efforts are never without results.

In the opening years of this century a respectable and intelligent Christian merchant of Charleston, S. C., was a frequent contributor to the *Charleston Courier*, then in its infancy.

Among other contributions, was a series of ethical and didactic essays, in exposition of the common duties of life, and in advocacy of such principles and elements of the common creed of Christendom, as were most rudely assailed, or most commonly ignored in the prevalent thinking of the day. The essays were brief and lucid, yet charged and enriched with all needful adornments of diction and thought. They were popular, generally, and attentively read, and so far as could be judged, were serviceable, not only in their high moral and practical aims, but in awakening a taste for the better and purer exhibitions and efforts of Journalism, at a time when partizan faction was tending to enlist the Newspaper Press in the cause and practice of personal satisfaction and licentious invective. Years passed: the merchant contributor of the *Courier* having realized a competency, returned to his native England, and his homestead in Gloucestershire. Regardless of present applause, as true laborers in letters in any sphere have generally been, he took little thought for his productions, which however had been compiled and published in a volume soon after the completion of the newspaper series.—This volume was reprinted in England about 1811, we believe, but both editions were small, and only designed to meet the demand of the author's circle of friends and correspondents. Report after report reached the author in his quiet retirement—not that the essays of his earlier labors were "popular" in the present sense of the term, but that one and another enquiring mind had been fortified against doubts, or strengthened against temptation. In this humble yet enviable assertion of vitality and influence, the volumes of the early edition went here and there, reaching in many instances readers and approving friends far beyond the circle of those who knew the author. At last, in token of gratitude and approval, for the many recorded instances of good that testified their value, the essays were reprinted by a judicious editor and critical selector of books for a large publishing house in Nashville, Tenn. Copies of this reprint were conveyed by friends to the author. How venerable are the closing years of a life well spent and adorned with the graces of literature, while supported by the precepts of a noble Faith. We leave the reader to imagine the aged pilgrim's

gratitude as he leaned upon his staff, and thanked God that his life had been spared to see such fruits of early labors.

The venerable gentleman referred to is yet living in a green old age, and this somewhat curious and obscure chain of connection between Nashville, Tenn., and a resident of Gloucestershire, England, has been suggested and recalled by a paragraph in a newspaper report of a lecture. This lecture was delivered to an audience in Nashville, and the subject was "Charlotte Brontë and the Brontë Family."

A Nashville Printer and Publisher has thus, it will be seen, awakened a chord of memory which carries back an old citizen of Gloucester to the scenes and labors of early life, passed fifty years ago in Charleston. A Yorkshire family and the story of its gifted daughters, furnishes mental instruction and entertainment to a Nashville audience.

Was ever one good honest heart-prompted line written, or one heart throbbing patiently endured in vain?

A Mr. Cuyler, who rejoices in the prefix of *Reverent*—in a recent contribution to the *N. York Intelligencer*, referring to the death of Dr. Kane, and that of his father, the venerable Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, said, in effect, that the former "would be remembered for having opened the Polar Sea, and the latter execrated for having shut up Passmore Williamson."

To this despicable attempt at sarcastic wit the Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn, replied in the last number of the *Intelligencer*. After an earnest, and manly defence of the character of Judge Kane, Dr. Bethune goes on to say:

"Is the fresh death of any man a fit subject for clerical wit? and, whatever might be expected from a political newspaper, or, what is worse, a religious political sheet, should a paper like ours, devoted, I am happy to say, under your auspices, to the best interests of our people, be made the vehicle of torturing, by levity or party rancor, hearts bleeding from deep sorrow over one greatly beloved while living, and not less dear when dead? The generous of all ages, heathen as well as Christian, have considered a new filled grave as demanding a truce, at least, from the most virulent antagonist, towards him who sleeps silently within its solemn bed. Our poet-moralist, Spenser, says:

"Vile is the vengeance on the ashes
 gold,
And envy base to bark at sleeping
 mould."

• • • • •

But I need no borrowed testimony to his worth and value. Judge Kane was for years one of my most intimate friends. Some (they were many) of the most delightful and profitable hours of my life, were spent in his society. Their memory is very dear and fragrant to my heart. His death is one of the long shadows which makes this world less bright to me, and warns me of the darkness through which I must soon pass to reach, I trust, a better land, where I have now many more friends than I have here. I knew him in the bosom of his family, the most tender and devoted husband, the kindest and most faithful of fathers, trusted and revered by a large circle of kindred and connections; and oh! how beloved and cherished by them all, no words of mine can tell you! Most sincerely do I hope that your paper of last week may never come under their eye; yet, as very possibly it will, I cannot, with my name, as one of your special contributors, printed at its head, allow the flippant slur (which else I should care little for) to pass unnoticed."

We have recently received through the Post Office, a Poem bearing the imprint of an Atlanta (Ga.) Publisher, entitled "*A Pæan of Glory for the Heroes of Freedom*," by T. H. Chivers, M. D.—It is certainly an unparalleled production as the reader will admit after glancing over the following extracts. The most curious part of the performance is the evident earnestness of spirit in which the author sets about competing with *Bombastes Furioso* upon his own hitherto undisputed territory of rant, and Hyperbole! Dr. Chivers deserves to be considered the Founder of a new, and striking School of Art in Poetry. Read his Preface, after which, if you retain sufficient equanimity to proceed, make his acquaintance as a *Poet*! We cannot advise however, this last piece of temerity, unless indeed you are naturally very strong headed!!

PREFACE.

Inspired by that self-rewarding enthusiasm which always fills the heart with rapture—being the first-born Cherub of the soul's rapport with the infinite splendors of God—I composed, on the second week after the reception of the above invitation,* the following Pæan of Glory for the Heroes of Freedom who now dwell in apotheosis in Heaven, but not having recovered from previous indisposition, as well as from the fatigue of former labors, I did not feel ambitious enough on the Day of the Jubilee to deliver it.

* An invitation extended by some political association in Georgia.

It is now printed for the delight of those noble souls—the true Princes of the Land, who know how to appreciate an effort to perpetuate, for the rising generation, the memories of those God-like Heroes who have risen from their mortal spheres, in which their lives have done the world perennial good, into those more glorious golden ones of the Angels of the life-everlasting—knowing, at the same time, that much of its charm is lost, even to the critical reader, for the want of the voice of the Nuncio.

It was written not only as a laudable response to their request to make the Day a delectable Passover for the legitimate Children of this million-peopled Israel of Liberty; but as a faithful Revelation of that life of freedom which lives immortal in the soul of the author.

As the Violastre, by feeding on the May-dew, becomes the image of Heaven; so does a man, at length, incarnate the thing which he contemplates—crystalizing himself into the song that he sings. As in the Eumenides of Æschylus, the Furies which chase Orestes into the Temple of Apollo, fall asleep while he is kneeling down before the Statue of the God; so do the tripple-mouthed Ban-dogs of Hell sink down into slumberous silence before the face of that soul, who, in despite of Death or Hell, worships the BEAUTIFUL with the reverence of a God.

Should any parched traveler, weary with journeying onward towards the Promised Land, by drinking from this Wellspring of enthusiasm, feel his soul refreshed for the full consummation of his longings for the Halcyon-Haven—enriched with a diviner legacy of gracefulness to put on the whole armour of the Perfect Man—the author will have accomplished the fullest fruition of his desires.

T. H. C.

Washington, Ga., July 5, 1856.

I.

Let us sing to the Lord a New Song
now of Glory—

Let us sing—that this Song may be
sung here alway—

From the Star-girdled throne of this
world's promontory,
Of this Fourth of July, Freedom's Hero-
born Day.

See! the bright Morning Stars of this
Great Day are shining

On the white Iris'd Field of this Ban-
ner unfurled,

Floating high up in Heaven, to that
Heaven now divining,

In its still silent thunders, God's will
to the world!

Let us sing to the Lord for this Day's
Celebration,

While we stand here enthroned under
Liberty's Tree,

Where the Thirty-six Stars* make the
bright Constellation

Of the Land of the Beautiful, the Land
of the Free.

Then strike the bold harp! sing
aloud, friends, forever,

While the Star-flag of Freedom
floats over the Sea,

Of the deeds of those Heroes whose
fame shall die never

In the Land of the Beautiful, the
Land of the Free—

The Land of the Glorious—

Great WASHINGTON victorious

Over all the foul Legions that came
to destroy us—

Land of the Beautiful! Land of the
Free!

II.

Hear ye not the loud shouts of the jubi-
lant Nations

Lifting up their proud hearts in one
joyous acclaim

To the HEROES who dwell in their blest
Habitations,

Filling all the wide world with great
WASHINGTON's name?

The Republic of Heaven, with her myriad
loud voices,

Re-echoes the shouts that now float
through the sky;

While the Sun on his thunder-harp
burningly rejoices

That the Earth owns another that nev-
er can die.

Now the Carolan tolls!—from the Watch-
towers of Glory,

Hear the loud swell of thunder boom
over the sea!

It is Freedom's God-voice gone to tell
the sweet story

To the Land of the Beautiful, the
Land of the Free.

Strike—strike the bold harp! &c.

III.

Like ten thousand sweet harps struck
by Angels all singing,

Comes the God-voice of Hope down
from Heaven through the sky,

To the millions of Europe Glad Tidings
now bringing,

That the Day of their Deliverance
from slavery draws nigh.

The Despots of Europe begin now to
tremble,

* There are thirty-one States, seven Territories, and one District—thirty-six being used for euphony.

As the Children of Darkness cry out
for more light;
For the slaves their rich Tyrants in man-
hood resemble,
The more their foul wrongs feel the
truth of the right.
The agonized Spirits down in darkness
now clamor—
Even the Devils down in Hell wail
aloud now to flee;
For they hear the loud clink of the Free-
man's Thor-Hammer
Building joy for the Beautiful—the
Fanes of the Free.
Then strike the bold harp! &c.

IV.

From the embers long smouldering be-
neath the dark ashes,
The golden-winged Phoenix of Liber-
ty doth rise,
Plumed with Cherubic wings, which
with glory now flashes,
As it soars up, redeemed, singing *Joy!*
through the skies!
The Whirlwinds now sweep through
the worm-eaten Forest,
And the Past, long decaying, lies low
in the dust;
Hell-fire out of Heaven God in ven-
geance down-pourest
On the head of that soul who in Hell
puts his trust!
The Pillars of Eternity are shaken by
the thunder,
And the Ocean of Hell boils such havoc
to see!
While Europe comes wailing for her
thrones torn asunder,
By the Voice of the Beautiful, the
Voice of the Free.
Then strike the bold harp! &c.

V.

Hear the Orphic Evangels of the Angels
in chorus,
Sweeping down, in the fragrance of
Song, through the sky;
While the White Doves of Peace hover
flutteringly before us,
To the Nest of the Halcyons that never
can die.
By the undulant waves of the manifold
Nations,
I perceive that the Spirit of a God
walks this way!
The tumultuous joys of their soul's ju-
bilities,
Proclaiming Man free who walks God-
like to-day.
See! the Morning is dawning—the Night
now departing,
As the Angels all flock from the Isles
of the Sea!
Hell's Gates from their adamant hinges
are starting
At the Voice of the Beautiful, the
Voice of the Free.

Strike—strike the bold harp! &c.

VI.

Let us sing of brave PUTNAM, the great
Lion-hearted,
Who fought over Bunker from morn-
ing till even,
When his soul from his body in battle
was parted,
And borne up by angels to the Moun-
tains of Heaven.
Other demigods fought, world-renowned
for their valor,
When they scourged England's host
back through fire to the sea,
And from Battle went up through the
Gates of Valhalla
To the Land of the Beautiful, the Land
of the Free.
See the bright Morning Stars of this
Day of Salvation,
From the tops of the Mountains rise
over the sea,
And proclaim to the world this sublime
consummation,
That our forefathers died that their
Sons might be free.
Strike—strike the bold harp! &c.

"Never forget," says a brilliant writer
in the Boston "*Ev. Transcript*," "that
books give you but little of the genius
there has been in the world. To the
oceans of philosophy and poetry which
have been poured out in conversation
by those too indifferent, or too proud, or
too sensitive, or too far from want, to
write, all which is written is but a bright
drop in which the unwritten is mirrored.
Sir Thomas Browne asks: "Who knows
whether the best of men be known, or
whether there be not more remarkable
persons forgot, than any that stand re-
membered in the known account of
time?" It is one of the best things you
say of women that this is doubly true of
them. The greatest women of every
age have been amongst those who have
not written, though those who write
may be longer remembered. Who said,
the other day, that Mrs. Browning is
"the greatest genius who has ever yet
appeared on this earth in female form?"
Wasn't that flight "*full high*?" The
want of that feminine delicacy which
has prevented great women from writ-
ing is just what has been one of the
chief limitations of the power of most
female writers. No woman has yet
created in literature a woman free from
the alloy and restraints of her own in-
dividuality. When I read Mrs. Brown-
ing's "*Portuguese Sonnets*," which give
her own personal experiences so simply
and profoundly that they have the same
justification as Shakespeare's sonnets, I
thought she might be the exception;

when I read her "Aurora Leigh" I knew she could never be.

I believe that Aurora Leigh is a work of the profoundest earnestness and insight, and of the greatest intellectual force which any woman has yet written. But she seems as if writing in a foreign language, and tears her way out into expression. Her blank verse is harsh and bleak. She wants "delicate instinct."—She has no capacity for consistent, "objective" creation—in so far that every character talks Mrs. Browning's thoughts and theories, unless he is built up, like Romney Leigh, to be knocked down.—Her Jane Eyre-Rochester idea of the hero will have it that the horrid is necessary to the dramatic, and that he is unfit for the heroine to marry unless her self-sacrifice is proved by her preferring him a blind and maimed man to a whole one. The skeleton of her pet thoughts and theories is always forcing itself through the thin flesh of her narrative, instead of being involved in the poem as a work of art. You see the raw material and the machinery, instead of the resulting and self-consistent fabric. I am no worshipper of Goethe, but it would be as absurd to compare this book to "Faust," as representative of modern life and thought, as to set up a woman and her spinning-wheel against a spinning-jenny. This "highfaluten" critic calls these defects, "spots in the sun" of Aurora Leigh, and says you and I are wanting in "depth of comprehension and variety of experience" if we don't agree with him. I value Mrs. Browning too much to care if he does.

Mr. M. V. Moore, a literary gentleman residing in Taylorsville, Tennessee, has been for a long time engaged in collecting the *material* for a work upon the *Poets*, and the *Poetry of the South*. It will be prepared upon the plan of Griswold's *American Poets*, and the design is, to do full justice to the genius of our Section in a department of Literature, which (if we accept the general opinion of the world,) has been wholly neglected amongst us. This erroneous impression Mr. Moore's book will go far to remove. It will there be shown that a large proportion of the best *miscellaneous poetry* written in America, is the production of the Southern mind.

We are pleased to learn that the Poets of our own State will be especially well represented in this collection.

Each author thought worthy of the distinction, will be introduced with a brief biographical sketch, to be followed by a selection of such of his pieces as are characteristic of his style and talents.

We have reason to think that Mr. Moore will be somewhat more rigid in the standard of merit established for admission, than has hitherto been usual in the preparation of works of this kind.—And certainly Mr. Moore is right. Better that the poetical genius of the South be represented in a volume of moderate compass, but, in its contents, of unimpeachable force and beauty, than that a huge tome composed partly of inanities, should be issued, to appal the Public equally by its size and its stupidity.

We have not the time at present to speak further upon the subject; but shall take the first opportunity that offers, to recur to it again. Meanwhile, we would beg all those in our State and city who have the power, to aid Mr. Moore in the prosecution of his honorable and patriotic labors.

Among a few of the Religious Sects established in this country we find (upon the authority of a writer in *DeBow's Weekly Press*,) the following:

"Dutch Reformed, Dunkard, Episcopal, Evangelical, Evangelist, Emmanuel, Free, Friends, Free Protestant, Front-bites, French Protestants, German Protestants, German United Protestants, German Evangelist, German Reformed, German Gospel, Harmonite, Independent, Indian, "Israel George of Brotherly Love," Jewish, Liberal, Lutheran, Liberty, Mariners, Menonite, Methodist Protestant, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Radical, Mormon, Moravian, Minnase, Mission, New Church New Light, Norwegian, Presbyterian New School, Presbyterian Old School, Protestant, Protestant Evangelical, Protestant Catholic, Roman Catholic, Reformed Catholic, Restorationist, Reformed Protestant, River Brethren, Republican, Rationalist, Separatists of Zoar, Salem, Seamen, Shoemaker, Schwenkfelden, Shaker, Scandinavian, Seceder, Second Advent, Swedenborgians, Tunker, True Reformed, Temple of the Lord, Trinity, Unitarian, Universalist, Union, "U. V. Church," United Brethren, United Brethren of Christ, Welsh, Zion.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, by Henry S. Randall, L.L.D., published by Derby & Jackson, No. 119, Nassau Street, 1858, sold by S. G. Courtenay & Co., Broad Street.

The above work is intended to comprise three volumes, of which two only are yet published. It is, without doubt, a very important addition to the history of the country during that interesting period which comprises the assertion of its independence and the formation and establishment of the existing Government. Every day makes some new revelation as to the motives, characters, and opinions of the leading parties of that day. We see through the chinks that time is perpetually making the genuine sentiments—the secret schemes, the true qualities of the distinguished men who were engaged in building up the great Republic which now occupies the attention, commands the respect, and excites the apprehensions of the greatest nations of the world.

The author aims to convince us, that it has become what it is through the guiding influence of Thomas Jefferson. He detracts nothing from the supreme position or paramount claims of General Washington. The great Chief was the Arbiter, the balance-wheel of the machine, without which it could not have been put in motion, or kept in operation for one Presidential term. But under his moderating influence two parties strove for ascendancy in the early councils of the Government—one headed by Hamilton, the other by Jefferson; one seeking monarchy, the other democracy; one willing to take and follow implicitly the example of England, believing its form of government the best model the world afforded, the other of more original views, seeing no materials for monarchy or aristocracy in the United States, and resolved to adapt the form and spirit of their Government to the condition of the Country and the genius of the people. Hamilton's mind was imitative, Jefferson's inventive.—The first could look behind only, the other was a seer into futurity. Of the schemes and projects of the one, not a vestige remains, the other has moulded

the form and imparted the spirit that prevail in thirty-one affiliated Republics.

The Biographer naturally inclines to look with a favorable eye on the subject of his work—to magnify his virtues and talents and extenuate his faults, if indeed it appears that he had any. He freely exposes the defects of his opponents and rivals—Burr had no virtues, and Alexander Hamilton was domineering, arrogant, the malignant traducer of his foes, the treacherous betrayer of his friends, the denouncer of the Constitution, and the crafty schemer ready to change its form by civil war, for that which he never ceased to admire and prefer.

The second volume ends with the accession of Jefferson to the Presidency, when the transition began from the more aristocratic forms of the Government to its present free and easy Republicanism. The succeeding volume will be looked for with anxiety.

Collections of the South Carolina Historical Society, Vol. 1, S. G. Courtenay & Co., Charleston, 1857.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of such a Society as the one that now presents us with the first fruits of its labors. To the gentlemen who have generously and earnestly engaged in those labors the gratitude of the country is due. They have united to rescue from the sure decay of time the monuments of our early history; and the cordial sympathy and approval of the people should sustain them in the pursuit of their unselfish objects.

The purposes of the Society are clearly set forth in Prof. Porcher's address, with which the present volume commences. The necessity of some such association is urged with fervor, and the intrinsic value of the lessons to be learned from the past, pointed out in earnest and eloquent language. The usual indifference of Democracies to the history of the past is noticed and deprecated; an indifference that was deplored by Cicero.

Quid? nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?

But even yet there is time to rescue many precious documents, if we will but be wise.

Prof. Porcher particularly insists upon the variety of the elements that came together in the formation of the State; a fact to which too little attention has hitherto been paid, and one to be borne in mind by him who studies our history. It is with pleasure that we find our author contending for the just fame of the partizan leaders of our State, during the Revolutionary War; men to whom the country owes much, and has rendered but slight regard. The whole address thoughtful and scholarly, equally worthy of the writer and the subject.

The volume contains, besides the Address, the narrative of Henry Laurens, letters relating to his imprisonment, and a list of papers relating to South Carolina, in the State Paper Office, London. To this portion of the work we will refer hereafter.

Debit and Credit, Translated from the German of Gustav Freytag, by L. C. C., with a Preface by Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, New York, Harper & Brothers, 1858.

This work is already regarded by the Germans as a classical production. It passed through six editions in two years, and although subjected to the malignant criticism of a certain Party in Church and State, it has survived all evil and opposition, and is now universally recognized as a master-piece of skill and genius. We have generally found in reading novels which deal with wholly foreign elements of character, and social polity, especially German Tales and Romances, that it was difficult so to realize the author's descriptions as completely to appreciate his Art, and its results.—He carries us away from our own country and people, from the circle of ideas, and experiences immediately around us, from the conventionalities to which we are habituated, and introduces us to novel scenes, strange personages, and unfamiliar forms of life, and progress which, (to increase our perplexity,) he requires us to examine from his own stand-point of vision and judgment.

Herein the true difficulty lies, a difficulty insurmountable to ordinary writers—who are always vague and unsatisfactory, dealing in misty outlines and

useless generalities, rather than in those bold, decisive strokes of character, scenery, and society-painting, which seize upon, and indelibly impress the mind and attention. It is to the latter class of successful novels that the "*Debit and Credit*" of Gustav Freytag belongs. We have said that it is already regarded as a classic in Germany. It will probably attain hereafter the same high rank in a more comprehensive sense, taking an accredited position in the world's literature by the side of the noblest creations of Scott, Dickens, and Kingsley.*

We are told that its author is a man about fifty years of age, and by birth a Silesian. He is Editor of the *Grenzboten* (Border Messenger) an admirable political and literary journal published in Leipsic. His residence alternates between that city and a small estate near Gotha. "Growing up," says the Chevalier Bunsen, "amid the influences of a highly cultivated family circle, and having become an accomplished philologist under Lachmann of Berlin, he early acquired valuable life experience, and formed distinguished social connections. He also gained reputation as an author by skilfully arranged, and carefully elaborated dramatic compositions—the weak point in the modern German school."

"*Debit and Credit*" is one of those works which profess to give an accurate picture of the social—moral, and as connected with it, certain phases of the political condition of a People. The chief object of the novel, however, that to which all other aims must be regarded as subsidiary—is to demonstrate the "nobility of labor, and the duties of property, particularly those of the Proprietor of Land."

"It is not" (we quote again from the Preface) "the conflict between rich and poor, between labor and capital in general, and between manufacturers and their people in particular, whose natural course is here detailed.

"And this is a point which the English reader must keep clearly in view. He will otherwise fail to understand the author's purpose, for, it is just here that the entirely different blending of the social masses in England and in Germany is displayed. We have here the conflict between the Feudal system and that class of individual and wealthy persons, together with the majority of the educated public functionaries, who constitute in Germany the citizen-class."

* We are induced to place Mr. Kingsley in such excellent company solely because of his artistical triumph in the Romance of *Hypatia*, which, as the Chevalier Bunsen well remarks, "is a marvellous and daring composition—a noble example of the union of the idealistic and realistic schools—the evocation of by-gone realities with all the truth and poetry of a new creation."

Instead of going into a complete analysis of the merits of this book, which we had at first intended to do, we present the reader with an extract which fairly illustrates the vigor of Freytag's descriptive powers.

Veitel, one of the scoundrels of the Tale, finds it necessary to his own safety, to dispose effectually of a confederate, who threatens to plunge him into ruin. But the ensuing description needs no explanation. Let the reader compare it with a somewhat similar picture in Dickens; we refer to the terrible account of *Fagin*, the Jew Murderer, in "Oliver Twist."

"I won't go with you," wailed Hippus; "you want to kill me."

Veitel muttered a horrible curse, took up the old man's shabby hat, forced it on, and, seizing him by the neck, cried, "You must come, or you are lost. The police will look for you here—and find you too, if you lose any more time.—Come, or you'll compel me to do you a mischief."

The old man's strength was broken; he wavered. Veitel took him by the arm, and drew him unresistingly away. He took him down the steps, anxiously looking round for fear of meeting any one.

In the cold night air the lawyer's senses partially returned, and Veitel enjoined him to be silent, and to follow him, and he would get him off.

"He will get me off," mechanically repeated Hippus, running along at his side. As they neared Pinkus's house, Veitel proceeded more cautiously.—Leading his companion through the dark ground floor, and whispering, "Take my hand, and come quietly up stairs with me," they reached the large public room, which was still empty.—Much relieved, Veitel said, "There is a hiding-place in the next house; you must go there."

"I must go there," repeated the old man.

"Follow me," cried Veitel, leading him along the gallery, and then down the covered staircase.

The old man tottered down the steps, firmly holding the coat of his guide, who had almost to carry him. In this way they came down step after step till they reached the last one, over which water was rushing. Veitel went first, and unconcernedly stepped up to his knee in the stream, only intent upon leading the old man after him.

As soon as Hippus felt the cold on his boot, he stood still and cried out, "Water!"

"Hush!" angrily whispered Veitel; "not a word."

"Water!" screamed the old man.—"Help! he will murder me!"

Veitel seized him and put his hand on his mouth; but the fear of death had again roused the lawyer's energies, and, placing his foot on the next step, he clung as firmly as he could to the banisters, and again screamed out, "Help!"

"Accursed wretch!" muttered Veitel, gnashing his teeth with rage at this determined resistance; then, forcing his hat over his face, he took him by the neckcloth with all his strength, and hurled him into the water. There was a splash—a heavy fall—a hollow gurgling—and all was still.

Beneath the leaden clouds that overhung the river, a dark mass might be seen rolling along with the current.—Soon it disappeared; the mist concealed it; the stream rushed on; the water broke wailingly over the steps and palings, and the night-wind kept howling out its monotonous complaint.

The murderer stood for a few moments motionless in the darkness, leaning against the staircase railings. Then he slowly went up the steps. While doing so he felt his trowsers to see how high up they were wet. He thought to himself that he must dry them at the stove this very night, and saw in fancy the fire in the stove, and himself sitting before it in his dressing-gown, as he was accustomed to do when thinking over his business. If he had ever in his life known comfortable repose, it had been when, weary of the cares of the day, he sat before his stove-fire and watched it till his eyelids drooped. He realized how tired he was now, and what good it would do him to go to sleep before a warm fire. Lost in the thought, he stood for a moment like one overcome with drowsiness, when suddenly he felt a strange pressure within him—something that made it difficult to breathe, and bound his breast as with iron bars. Then he thought of the bundle that he had just thrown into the river; he saw it cleave the flood; he heard the rush of water, and remembered that the hat which he had forced over the man's face had been the last thing visible on the surface—a round, strange-looking thing. He saw the hat quite plainly before him—battered, the rim half off, and two grease-spots on the crown. It had been a very shabby hat. Thinking of it, it occurred to him that he could smile now if he chose. But he did not smile. Meanwhile he had got up the steps. As he opened the staircase door, he glanced along the dark gallery through which two had passed a few minutes before, and only one returned. He looked down at the gray surface of the stream, and again he was

sensible of that singular pressure. He rapidly crept through the large room and down the steps, and on the ground floor ran up against one of the lodgers in the caravansera. Both hastened away in different directions without exchanging a word.

This meeting turned his thoughts into another direction. Was he safe? The fog still lay thick on the street. No one had seen him go in with Hippus, no one had recognized him as he went out.—The investigation would only begin when they found the old man in the river. Would he be safe then?

These thoughts passed through the murderer's mind as calmly as though he were reading them in a book. Mingled with them came doubts as to whether he had his cigar-case with him, and as to why he did not smoke a cigar. He cogitated long about it, and at length found himself returned to his dwelling. He opened the door; the last time he had opened the door a loud noise had been heard in the inner room. He listened for it now. He would give any thing to hear it. A few minutes ago it had been heard. Oh, if those few minutes had never been! Again he felt that hollow pressure, but more strongly, ever more strongly than before. He entered the room, the lamp still burned, the fragments of the rum-bottle lay about the sofa, the bits of broken mirror shone like silver dollars on the floor. Veitel sat down exhausted. Then it occurred to him that his mother had often told him a childish story in which silver dollars fell upon a poor man's floor. He could see the old Jewess sitting at the hearth, and he, a small boy, standing near her. He could see himself looking anxiously down on the dark earthen floor, wondering whether the white dollars would fall down for him. Now he knew—his room looked as if there had been a rain of white dollars. He felt something of the restless delight which that tale of his mother had always awakened, when again came suddenly that same hollow pressure. Heavily he rose, stooped, and collected the broken glass. He put all the pieces into a corner of the cupboard, detached the frame from the wall, and put it wrong-side out in a closet. Then he took the lamp, and the glass which he used to fill with water for the night; but as he touched it a shudder came over him, and he put it down. He who was no more had drunk out of that glass. He took the lamp to his bedside and undressed. He hid his trowsers in the cupboard, and brought out another pair, which he rubbed against his boots till they were dirty at the bottom. Then he put out the lamp, and as it flickered before it went quite out, the thought

struck him that human life and a flame had something in common. He had extinguished a flame. And again that pain in the breast, but less clearly felt, for his strength was exhausted, his nervous energy spent. The murderer slept.

But when he wakes! Then the cunning will be over and gone with which his distracted mind has tried, as if in delirium, to snatch at all manner of trivial things and thoughts in order to avoid the one feeling which ever weighs him down. When he wakes! Henceforth, while still half asleep, he will feel the gradual entrance of terror and misery into his soul. Even in his dreams he will have a sense of the sweetness of unconsciousness and the horrors of thought, will strive against waking; while, in spite of his strivings, his anguish grows stronger and stronger, till, in despair, his eyelids start open, and he gazes into the hideous present, the hideous future.

And again his mind will seek to cover over the fact with a web of sophistry; he will reflect how old the dead man was, how wicked, how wretched; he will try to convince himself that it was only an accident that occasioned his death—a push given by him in sudden anger—how unlucky that the old man's foot should have slipped as it did! Then will recur the doubt as to his safety; a hot flush will suffuse his pale face, the step of his servant will fill him with dread, the sound of an iron-shod stick on the pavement will be taken for the tramp of the armed band whom justice sends to apprehend him. Again he will retrace every step he took yesterday, every gesture, every word, and will seek to convince himself that discovery is impossible. No one had seen him, no one had heard; the wretched old man, half crazy as he was, had drawn his own hat over his eyes and drowned himself.

And yet through all this sophistry, he is conscious of that fearful weight, till, exhausted by the inner conflict, he flies from his house to his business, amid the crowd anxiously desiring to find something that shall force him to forget. If any one on the street looks at him, he trembles; if he meet a policeman, he must rush home to hide his terror from those discerning eyes. Wherever he finds familiar faces, he will press into the thick of the assembly, he will take an interest in any thing, will laugh and talk more than heretofore; but his eyes will roam recklessly around, and he will be in constant dread of hearing something said of the murdered man, something surmised of his sudden end. He may deceive his acquaintance: they will perhaps consider him remarkably

cheerful, and one and the other will say, "Itzig is a good fellow; he is getting on in business." He will hang on many an arm that he never touched before, will tell merry stories, and go home gladly with any one who asks him, because he knows that he can not be alone. He will frequent the coffee-houses and beer-shops to hunt out acquaintance, and will drink and be as much excited as they, because he knows that he dare not be alone.

And when, late of an evening, he returns home, tired to death and worn out by his fearful struggle, he feels lighter hearted, for he has succeeded in obscuring the truth, he is conscious of a melancholy pleasure in his weariness, and awaits sleep as the only good thing earth has still to offer him. And again he will fall asleep, and when he awakes the next morning he will have to begin his fearful task anew. So will it be this day, next day, always, so long as he lives. His life is no longer like that of another man; his life is henceforth a battle, a horrible battle with a corpse, a battle unseen by all, yet constantly going on. All his intercourse with living men, whether in business or in society, is but a mockery, a lie. Whether he laughs and shakes hands with one, or lends money and takes fifty per cent, from another, it is all mere illusion on their part. He knows that he is severed from human companionship, and that all he does is but empty seeming; there is only one who occupies him, against whom he struggles, because of whom he drinks, and talks, and mingles with the crowd, and that one is the corpse of the old man in the water."

If the foregoing powerfully delineated picture of crime and remorse does not impress the reader with a due sense of the author's freshness, force, and saliency of genius, then, assuredly, any further commendation of our own, would prove vain.

We can only congratulate the world of intelligent novel readers (and *who is not a novel reader now*.) upon the publication of a work so sure to interest, instruct and entertain, as "Debit and Credit."

Of the JOURNALS to which, before making up our Editorial matter, we are accustomed to turn, with the certainty of finding something useful, or entertaining—some sound criticism, genial anecdote, or vigorous and proper thought, we mention with pleasure, the *Spartanburg Express*, and the *Yorkville Enquirer*, both South Carolina papers, and both edited with remarkable care, abili-

ty, and spirit. Very correctly, and in a liberal temper which deserves all honor, these journals invariably devote a certain portion of their space to literary details. Their Editors are, unmistakably men of culture and reflection. They do not commit themselves to hasty dicta, nor indulge in uncandid or malicious fault finding, but are always fair, manly, and intelligent. *Russell's Magazine* is particularly indebted to their generous, and yet measured, and discerning criticism.

Out of the State, there is the Richmond daily "*South*," which is fast becoming a critical authority, and power in the land; the Baltimore "*Protestant Methodist*," the editorials in which, are marked by great clearness of reasoning, and a certain frank, brave, downright vigor of style, not usual in these times of circumlocution, and delicate indecorousness; the "*National Intelligencer*," quite up to the mark of its old reputation; and last, but by no means least, an excellent hebdomadal ("*The Times*,") published in *Greensboro*, N. C., which has for months past, been giving to its readers, a thoughtful series of papers on the *Classical English Authors*, together with certain lively and pleasant sketches of contemporary American books and authors, by Mr. J. Starr Holloway, a gentleman of fluent pen, and good critical powers.

We might extend the list considerably, but our limited space warns us to pause. We must mention in conclusion, however, the issue of a new weekly with the title of "*DeBow's Weekly Press*," in *Washington City*, a well-printed, and judiciously edited quarto. From the proverbial energy of the Proprietor, we augur a large success for the new undertaking.

Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy, by Wm. Archer Butler, M. A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in Dublin University; Edited from the author's MSS., with notes, by W. Hepworth Thompson, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. In 2 vols. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia, 1858.

A Chair of moral Philosophy was founded in the University of Dublin by Dr. Lloyd the Provost, in 1837. Of this Chair Mr. W. Archer Butler was the first occupant. He entered upon its duties when but twenty-six years of age, and although his death was unfortunately premature, he left behind him a reputation for scholarship, and original powers of thought and investigation which is fully sustained by the contents of the work before us.

His Lectures were delivered during the first four years of his professorial life. They are divided into an Introductory Series embracing several general discourses upon Psychology, Ontology, and Inductive Science, followed by two Series, the first of which treats of Ancient and Modern Histories of Philosophy, including the Indian, the early Greek, the Ionic, Atomic, Pythagorean, and Eleatic Schools, with a Lecture on the Sophists, and Socrates, and the second, three Lectures on the pure Socratic, the Megarics, and finally, the Cynics, and Cyrenaics. Such are the contents of the first volume. The second is almost wholly taken up with the writings of Plato, and his successors. Mr. Butler tells us that his Lectures upon these topics are "the result of patient, and conscientious examination of *original documents*." They are signally successful expositions of the creed of the great master of Grecian, may we not say, of the *world's* wisdom, for do not the works of Plato, in the language of Emerson, "contain the culture of nations, are they not the corner stone of schools, the fountain-head of literatures, a discipline in logic, taste, arithmetic, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, and practical truth?"

Most thoroughly, and in a spirit of sincerest love and reverence, (which never, however, blinds him to his faults,) Mr. Butler has elaborately analysed Plato's systems of speculation and belief, devoting special care to the Dialectic, and Physics, his exposition of the main principles of which is, says the Editor, "at once accurate, and popular—more accurate than the French, and incomparably more popular than the German treatises on those departments of the Platonic philosophy."

The author seems to have devoted much of the previous portion of his career as a student, to preparation for the proper examination, and full understanding of the writings of the Philosopher discussed in the best of his public discourses. He shows an intimate familiarity with the metaphysical productions of the last century, especially, with the English and Scotch school of Psychologists, and this, the Editor justly observes: "has enabled him to illustrate the subtle speculations of which he treats, in a manner calculated to render them more intelligible to the English mind, than they can be made by writers trained solely in the technicalities of modern German Schools, or of those who disdain the use of illustrations altogether."

The Lecture most attractive to ourselves, and beyond dispute one of the noblest in the book is that on the Dialogues of Plato. It may be regarded as

an admirable specimen, both of Mr. Butler's style of composition, and of argument. The former, glowing, imaginative, almost impassioned in parts, is in singular contrast with the dull, soulless didacticism assumed by too many who profess to treat of Philosophy, whilst the latter is particularly clear, vigorous, and satisfactory. An enthusiasm tempered by taste, and judgment, comprehensive liberality of view, extensive learning, so mastered as to be ever at command for the purposes of illustration, and a subtle, searching, deeply penetrative sagacity of analysis—such to our mind, are the high qualifications brought by Prof. Butler to the elucidation of the Ancient Philosophies. Although his Lectures are not *absolutely* complete, since they furnish us with no information concerning the Stoics and Epicureans—still, it is but bare justice to say, that as they stand, they constitute the most valuable, trust-worthy, scholar-like, and eloquent treatises upon the subjects discussed, that have assumed a popular form in the Literature either of Great Britain, or the Continent.

We have spoken of the superior merits of the Lecture on Plato's Dialogues.—That, in the same volume, on the Neo-Platonists is in some respects, perhaps even more brilliant and impressive. To the *Theologian*, it appeals with special force and directness.

Indeed, no student of Theology, no minister of the Gospel, should fail to procure this work. The study of Plato is indissolubly connected with the study of the Bible. This fact, remarks the Editor of Mr. Butler's Lectures (himself a man of profound scholarship, and fine original talents,) "is becoming daily more apparent," and, he takes occasion to add, "it is no slight honor to the great Protestant University of Dublin to have furnished the first, or one of the first examples in recent times of an upright, and intelligent history of Platonism, written by an uncompromising defender of the Catholic truths, as well as of the historical evidences of Christianity."

We will close this imperfect notice of a truly great work, by quoting a few passages to prove that we have not been extravagant in our praise of Mr. Butler's style. Speaking of the wide-spread influence of Plato's writings, and maintaining that the main conclusions of Platonism commend themselves to the real Thinkers in all ages, he says:

"It is not wonderful that Plato (like his own Ideal Forms,) has since manifested himself in our world in every variety of external shape. Every view of human nature which exalts its condi-

tion, and its destinies, allies itself by a natural sympathy with the philosophy of Plato; and even by those who reject his reasonings in their original form, these wonderful conclusions are accepted, as presenting in a poetical, or mythic shape the highest results of subsequent speculations.

Platonism is immortal because its principles are immortal in the human intellect and heart. After captivating the serene reason of Cicero, after receiving the strong tincture of oriental infusions, yet maintaining itself undestroyed in the schools of Alexandria, after supplying language to the mystic interpretations of Origen, and the aspiring affections of Augustine, it disappears to rise unmutated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: it possesses half the south of Europe, it encourages the speculations of Descartes, it fills and animates the whole capacious mind of Leibnitz, it affects the tone of theological exposition in every Christian country; and outriding the storm of the ultra-sensualism of France, it finally re-appears in the *Critique of the Pure Reason* of Kant, which reminds us even more of the ideal abstraction of the Platonic than of the minuteness of the Aristotelian dialectic.

How Platonism has since then fared, it is useless to tell you. Its influence is, at this moment on the increase. It has, of late engaged the exegetical labors of the Continent far more than any other classical or critical subject; and elaborate translations of the entire works of Plato have been among the tributes of his admirers in France and Germany.—High as are the unquestioned merits of his rival, minute and comprehensive as were his labors—clear as is the course of his didactic exposition—accurate as is his reasoning and its expression, the influence of Aristotle is again waning before the triumphant star of his master. * * One cause for this influence is doubtless to be found in the *attractive and affectionate tone*—in the high and consoling doctrine—with which from the depth of antiquity Plato still addresses every elevated spirit. Wearied with the daily nothingness of a life which mocks with the illusion of happiness that retreats as we approach it, it is wonderfully soothing to speak across the chasm of ages with one who could thus distinctly perceive in the nature of his own reason, the promise of an eternal heritage above and beyond the visionary scene of earthly life." * * *

In the Lecture on the *Neo-Platonists*, we find these eloquent concluding remarks, in which it will be perceived that Mr. Butler duly recognizes the substratum of *spiritual* force underlying the

extravagances of Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus and their disciples:

"But amid their errors and extravagances, surely no candid man can contemplate the peculiar design and tendency of all earthly wisdom at this very period, without regarding it as in a great measure providentially ordered. The mind of man yearned for Divine Communion, and grew extravagant through its very disappointment. The actual revelation was assuredly 'the desire of all nations,' even though it was by so many overlooked or rejected. All human wisdom seemed at length to have paused in its exhaustion, turned to Heaven, and waited for a voice from thence. The whole field of speculation had been traversed and explored; and though glittering spoils lay around its many laborers, the treasure which all sought was not found, the deep want of the soul of man was not met, and, as if instinctively, the whole host of earthly philosophy abandoned its position of inquiry, and in strange, wild, fantastic devotion asked of Heaven to give what earth had hopelessly failed to supply.—Heaven had, indeed, supplied its remedy, had anticipated, and answered the call; but the capricious activity of the human mind had meanwhile constructed its own device to meet it, and the broken cisterns mocked in unhappy imitation the fountain of Eternal Life.—Christianity, was, to many, lost among its counterfeits. For every divine wonder it could narrate, a thousand mocking miracles rose around it; for every blessed promise, it could offer ecstasies and raptures more transcendent still—the felt presence of a Deity—were boasted by its foes: its visions and prophecies were not altogether denied, but they were degraded as the easy attainments of ordinary wisdom. * * * But the genuine work of God was at length vindicated as His; it remained, it *still* remains, the strength, and consolation of millions; while after a faint expiring struggle, shifting from city to city—like the ghastly spectre of Philosophy haunting her old abodes—the illusive wisdom of Rome, Alexandria, and Athens, vanished from the world, to become in a remote age the harmless object of speculative inquiry among the disciples of its celestial Rival!"—Page 335, vol. 11.

The Character of the Poet, as Man and Genius, and the Offices of the Poet; an Oration delivered before the Calliopean and Polytechnic Societies of the Citadel Academy, by George S. Bryan, Harper & Calvo, Printers.

It is so rare to meet with enthusiasm upon any subject in this age of scepti-

cism, coldness, and profound infidelity, that the perusal of a production like the one we are about to notice, is in many respects invigorating and refreshing.—The chief merit of Mr. Bryan's Oration is, in our opinion, its sustained earnestness. Evidently, he has not written for effect merely. The speech embodies his matured, and long settled convictions, and may be fairly taken as an exposition of his *creed* with regard to the character, genius and mission of the Poet.

In all candor, we must confess that we look upon this *creed* as radically wrong. We differ from Mr. Bryan as to the kind, and the *proportion* of faculties intellectual, and moral, which may be viewed as constituting the highest poetical genius. Let us see what his opinions are:

"But that disproportionate sensibility—that tenderness of nature, and susceptibility of soul," he says, "which fills the Poet with sympathy and makes him crave it—and especially from woman—with a passionate yearning and a doting fondness, and which thus impels him to seek society, brings proportionate pain and disappointment with it. Loving, sympathetic, intensely social, the recoil of his feelings, sensitive even to fastidiousness, from the indifference or want of the appreciation of the world, makes him solitary. Thus, by the law of nature—*fitful*—in the gay world and busy world alike, he finds no resting place, no congenial abiding home. Thrown back upon himself, he is forced to meditate. Driven from the actual to an ideal world, *weak* in action, or *averse* from it, but full of thought, he turns observer, and the Poet becomes creator, painter, sage.—He may indeed go into the world, but he is not of it."

We contend that in the foregoing passages a picture is drawn of the *second* and *third class Poet*, and not of the great master of song, the genuine type of the world's brotherhood of minstrels.

The truly great Poet, the acknowledged master, is not "by a law of his nature *fitful*," nor is he "*weak* in action, and *averse* from it."

On the contrary, he possesses a perfect balance, a comprehensive round of systematized powers of mind, and of *morale*—(a dowry received from God himself,) which supply the forces for successful action no less than for lofty speculation. And thus, we find that the *most* exalted of the Poets have borne themselves bravely and gallantly in the strifes of actual life. They have been men who sternly adhered to duty, and principle. Seldom, if ever can we ac-

cuse them of yielding to base, unholy passions.

Shakspeare, Milton, Danté, the grand triumvirate of modern Bards, were not only "*in the world*," but in a certain and most significant sense "*of the world*."

Exquisite susceptibility of nature is not by necessity allied to weakness of the moral will. The *fitful*, passionate, wayward creature, crowned with glorious mental gifts, but morally erring and feeble, should not be permitted to stand for a moment as the IDEAL of the POET. And yet, just such a being is portrayed by Mr. Bryan in his glowing, but we *must* think, somewhat sophistical treatise. Our view is confirmed by the example—the one central and brilliant example—which he adduces in support and illustration of his theory. Upon one page he speaks of Robert Burns "*the truest and intensest of Poets*," on another, he declares that "whilst he was the *greatest of Poets*, he was at the same time the *frailiest*, and *honestest of men*." His "*honesty*" is introduced as in some degree an offset to his "*frailty*." We cannot view the matter in that light. On the contrary, the whole of the above sentence seems to us a contradiction in terms. It is an abuse both of charity and criticism to designate him as the "*greatest of Poets*" who is also the "*frailiest of mankind*." We had hoped that the dangerous fallacy (once so prevalent among fashionable Reviewers) that *genius* must ever be associated with some degree of wickedness and folly, so that the extent and intensity of the *latter* might almost be estimated by the vigor and comprehensiveness of the *former*—had long since been exploded.

But it is not so. To our surprise and regret the author of this otherwise finished, elegant, and admirable Oration, re-vivifies and defends it. He makes it, so to speak, the corner stone of his poetical system. When Burns describes himself as "*driven by passion*" along a "*devious way*" "*misled by the meteor light of fancy*," and both absurdly and impiously alludes to the treacherous "*ray*" as "*light from Heaven*," Mr. Bryan praises and approves him.

He is logical in his commendation.—Holding the belief which he professes to hold, Burns is beyond question, the perfect exemplar of his ideal Poet.

With sincere pleasure we turn from our fault-finding—to which we may with truth declare that we have not been impelled by an unkind or cavilling temper—to the consideration of some passages as unexceptionable in sentiment as the y are natural and pleasing in expression. Here is one of them:

"The advent of a true Poet is one of the greatest events in the moral world. Mankind in all time, and by common consent, has attributed the fruit of his mind to inspiration, and has regarded his faculty as the rarest gift of deity. *His* is indeed a divine office. It is for him to express the raptures of piety, and give wing to devotion; to kindle the ardors of patriotism, and lend it, its most passionate elevated utterance. It is he who has best endeavored to lift up the soul of man to his Maker; to bring him nearest his holy presence, and to inflame his heart with a love of his goodness. It is not for mortal to venture the profanity of embodying the awful conception of Deity, but the Poet, with adequacy, beyond all others, has celebrated his throne and equipage, and painted the clouds which surround and shroud his presence.

The sensibility with which his Creator has endowed him, in such abounding and extraordinary measure, makes it impossible for him to be a dull spectator of the glories of the physical world, or the still brighter and intenser glories of the moral world. For him, the voice of the turtle sounds a tenderer note, owns a sweeter melody; the green mantle with which spring invests the earth, and the flowers which garnish and variegates its surface, salute his senses with a keener delight. The universal chorus of nature *ever* finds in him a rapt listener, and he loses no note, grand or gentle, in her majestic diapason. The dilated orb of the full moon, at its rising, never loses, for him, its solemn aspect, nor its gentle progress up the heavens, its sweet attraction. She comes to him, in the darkness, with her soft, tender light, as a bright messenger from another world, and the type of a better. And the great orb of day! in its joyous presence, its excelling glory, and universal beneficence—the truest physical image of the Almighty and inexpressible benefactor of all—whose soul has burned like the Poet's at his majestic advent, his meridian splendor, his serene or stormy setting? Whose eye, like his, has followed him in his daily circle—his regular coming and going—in his mild, almost insensible approach, his triumphant, fiery march up the heavens, and his lingering, gentle decline. Who, like him, has *felt* the glory of his light, the beneficence of his almost creative rays? Who stood in the entranced delight and wonder, with which the Poet views his magnificent leave-taking of the world—when for a brief season the God of day seems to hold a levee worthy of his glorious benignant reign—and decks his courtiers, the clouds, who wait upon his departure with all the wealth of his ward-

robe of light, and lavishes upon them the whole treasury of many colored glories with which he paints the universe! And who, gazing upon the mysterious and countless hosts which illuminate the night, could so truly exclaim—

"The stars are forth, the moon above
the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!

I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry
shade

Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world."
MANFRED.

The following is a passage of deeper tone—a forcible, truthful piece of writing, which shows that Mr. Bryan can be both eloquent and analytical.

Our space compels us to close with this quotation:

"In opening his (Shakspeare's) works—the bible of nature—the eye meets his gentle countenance. Open it is and placid as some summer's sea, but it bears no painful trace of passion, no deep line of thought; it smiles upon us as if its quiet surface had never been swept by a storm of feeling, and its tranquil depths never agitated by the tumults of emotion. Its smooth mask makes no revelation. And when passing from his portrait, we turn over his pages, we seem not to be conversing with an individual mind, or to come in contact with an individual character. The words of God are before us, but they are varied, and all so perfect, that they give no signs of their parent. *The creator* of this rich and boundless world, is lost in his works; we cannot detect him, we cannot trace him. We hear the passionate voice of Juliet; the gentle tones of Desdemona; the despairing wail of Ophelia; the freezing whispers of Lady Macbeth; the merry notes of Beatrice; the beguiling music of Anthony; the savage cries of Shylock; the kindling utterances of Marcus Brutus; the jolly laugh of Falstaff; the devilish sneer of Iago; all voices of man or woman, witch or fairy, salute us. But which is the voice of Shakspeare? Like the principle of life, which is *everywhere*, but *nowhere* to be *seen*; which crowds the world with its ten thousand shapes of deformity and beauty, of terror, gladness and glory; yet, is itself shrouded in impenetrable darkness, the mystery of mysteries, such is Shakspeare amidst his works—he is everywhere, and nowhere.

Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By Wm. Smith, Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1858.

Upon the heights above the grotto of Posilipo, with Vesuvius and Sorrento on the left, the shores of Baia on the right, and in front of the Islands of Capri and Ischia, seen dimly in the distance, there stands a small villa upon a terrace, apart from the rest of the world, and looking sheer over the beautiful expanse of waters, with all its islands and mountains. It bears the name of the Villa Scarpa. There, not very long ago, an Englishman, stricken with consumption, charmed by the quiet and seclusion of the place, sought this retreat to die in. A few months of meditation and peace were granted him, and then he departed thence, let us hope, to a more beautiful country than even Italy the Divine!

He left certain manuscripts behind him, the record of his life-emotions, the struggles, passions, doubts, hopes, aspirations and speculative opinions of a Thinker and Dreamer, mingled with the experiences and beliefs of his intimate associates. The manuscripts, after the author's death, fell accidentally into the hands of an acquaintance, who arranged their contents methodically and published them in the present form, and with the title prefixed to our notice. *Thorndale* is a book of no ordinary interest, no superficial depth of thought, speculation, and philosophy. It is the logical and systematized expression of the creeds and theories of many different classes of minds, themselves the product of the restless intellectual and spiritual activity of this seething, turbulent, dissatisfied and sceptical age. In *Thorndale*, (the chief character, and the reporter for all the others,) we have the Doubter, who would fain believe; in Cyril, the self-tormenting Inquirer, so bewildered amid the mazes of his own reasoning, that he turns shuddering to prescriptive, immemorial authority for support; in Luxmore, the glad-hearted Poet, undepressed by Public depreciation, and finding perennial sources of joy and satisfaction in a close communion with nature; in Clarence, the Utopian Theorist, who possesses the power of investing his wildest abstractions with, at least, the shadow of logical propriety, and is earnest and eloquent in defense of his amiable delusions; and lastly, Seckendorf, at once the type and embodiment of that harsh, cold, cynical rationalism, the most noted developments of which have originated in modern Germany. His philosophy is as firm as a rock, and as barren, but he has no objection that others should cover

up this rock—these bare hard facts of life—with whatever verdurous imagination they could get to grow there. Clarence and the German are naturally opposed to each other, and the details of their argumentative controversies, form perhaps, the subtlest and most able portion of the work.

Thorndale, composed, as much of it is, of the records of detached thoughts, feelings, imaginations, and even transient emotions, is a book to be taken up in meditative moods—and *only* in such moods—when the intellect is calm, the understanding clear and serene, and the soul is unclouded by prejudice, passion, or anxiety. *Thus* was the work composed, and *thus* should it be read.

The succeeding extracts may give the reader some faint idea of the style and character of this book. *Thorndale* says:

"I am never more convinced of the progress of mankind than when I think of the sentiment developed in us by our intercourse with nature, and mark how it augments and refines with our moral culture, and also (though this is not so generally admitted) with our scientific knowledge. We learn from age to age to *see* the beauty of the world; or, what comes to the same thing, this *beautiful creation of the sentiment of beauty*, is developing itself in us.

"Only reflect what regions lovely as Paradise there are over all Asia and Europe, and in every quarter of the globe, waiting to receive their fitting inhabitants—their counterparts in the conscious creature. The men who are now living there do not *see* the Eden that surrounds them. They lack the moral and intellectual vision. It is not too bold a thing to say that the mind of man, once cultivated, he will see around him the Paradise he laments that he has lost. For one 'Paradise Lost,' he will sing of a thousand that he has gained.

"What a heaven of beauty do I live in! I sometimes say to myself when looking out upon this scene, 'Let man grow good and wise as the angels—let him reach his ideal of perfection—he will not at last need a new earth or other skies to live in.'

Clarence, the Utopian, thus speculates upon the progress of the world in matters of governmental and religious principle:

"There is in South America a grass which has this peculiarity, that the young plant grows up sheltered in the sheath of the old one. The old blade of grass withers, and the new one is already prepared to take its place. For a certain time the new grass and the old appear to divide the field between them. Such is the mode in which new

systems or principles spring up amongst us. They grow under shelter of the old, and the transition is so gradual that a time intervenes when we can hardly say here also, whether it is the old grass or the new that predominates in the field.

"The spontaneous passions of man—love of power on the one side, trust and admiration and craving for guidance on the other—build up some sort of government, generally of the despotic character. But, under the shelter of this spontaneous form, reflection upon government itself becomes possible. There is, in the first place, something to *reflect upon*—the want and the purposes of government which experience has now taught; and there is that desire of security and of leisure and safety which renders possible the existence of the reflective man. Thus new ideas spring up, and a wiser polity gradually pushes its way into the world. So too in Religion. Spontaneous passions and wild imaginations first construct for us a celestial Governor, oftentimes of dark and terrible nature; but here too, by this spontaneous and imaginative faith, the action of a religious sentiment becomes known to us—contemplation upon religion itself becomes possible, and the ideas of Governor and Creator are afterwards modified as our knowledge becomes enlarged, and as our own humanity becomes improved."

It is Thorndale again who remarks:

"Eternal calm would be eternal sleep. We will make such a garden of this world, says some gentle enthusiast, that all good and peaceful affections, and none but the good and peaceful, shall flourish there. Only the angelic part of our nature shall be developed in this Paradise. I look through the golden gates of this new Eden; with hand raised before my eyes to shade them from the perpetual glory, I look through, and in the serene air, and eternal summer of the place, I do at length descry the angelic inhabitant. I see him beneath the tree of Life, pillowed on his wing,—and fast asleep!" This paragraph embodies an idea so poetical that we have endeavored to embody it in verse. Here is our attempt:

PERFECT CALM.

Eternal quiet were eternal sleep!
 "O! we will make, some fond Enthusiast
 cries,
 This present weary world a Paradise,
 O'er which all gentle thoughts their
 watch shall keep;
 A moveless calm shall brood above its
 bowers,
 And only nature's sweet, and tender
 powers

Hold genial converse in the charmed
 shade."

Through the new Eden's golden gates I
 look,
 And lo! stretched listless by a murmuring
 brook,
 Whose silvery lustre glimmers 'mid the
 glade,
 I see the angel tenant of the place;
 Fast by the Tree of Life, his placid face
 Half-hidden in his pinions' downy deep,
 The Angel muses, or perchance—he
 prays;
 Not so! look closer—he is *sound asleep!*

Cyril, the self-tormenting Thinker, utterly bewildered by the results of his own reasoning, finally seeks shelter in the Church of Rome. He retires to a Monastery near Villa Scarpa, and is recognized by Thorndale in his walks along the beach in the vicinity of Grotti of Posilipo:

"There stands," he says, "my Cistercian Monk on his favorite spot. In him there are unspeakable fears that perpetually sustain illimitable hopes. A constant sense of escape from peril gives constant sense of the near-attained heaven."

There he stands serene self-centred. He will tell you that he was born but yesterday, and will leave the world to-morrow. Yet such as he stands there, he is the product of all the centuries, and half the nations of the world. Not only the Hebrew, the Egyptian, and the Persian sage, the Indian and the Greek, have contributed to his religious culture. Yet he feels himself alone, a transitory wayfarer through a foreign world." This we have thrown into blank verse, and entitled it

THE RELIGIOUS RECLUSE.

— There he stands,
 Serene, self-centred! in his heart a
 host
 Of fears unspeakable that still sustain
 Illimitable Hopes! sense of escape
 From perils past but brings the conscious-
 ness
 Of near-attained Heaven; there he stands
 Serene, self-centred! "I was born," he
 says,
 But yesterday, and I go hence to-mor-
 row;"
 Yet is this man the product of all time,
 The sum of half the Nations of the
 world;
 Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Indian
 sage
 Have poured their tributary streams of
 thought
 To swell his faith's strong current; still
 he says,
 "I walk a stranger in an alien-land
 Bound to go hence to-morrow!"

Here is a beautiful observation, rounded with a natural moral, which we have rendered into the verse of *In Memoriam*:

"From my watch-tower here" (we continue to quote from Thorndale's journal), "I often observe how as the day goes down, the sea becomes illuminated by the moon, which till then had shed an unnoticed, and ineffectual light. At first a luminous track scarcely perceptible glimmers over the trembling waters; but as the sun still further retires, the broad pathway of light grows distinct and permanent. I find it difficult to believe when my eye is fixed on this new and beautiful radiance, that it is really growing darker and darker all around me, and that this luminous pathway to the skies, thrown, as it were, upon our troubled ocean, becomes visible only when the earth lies in darkness, or, in shadow."

I.

Here, glancing from this breezy height,
Whilst the still Day goes slowly down,
And sombre Evening's shadows brown
Close o'er the purple-flushing light,

II.

I mark the softer radiance rest
Of the calm Moon, till then unseen,
Along the ocean-tides serene,
Scarce heaving toward the faded West,

III.

At first, there dawns a ghostly ray
Faint as a new-born infant's dreams,
But soon, an ampler glory streams,
And trembling up the lustrous Bay.

IV.

Long level shafts of silvery glow
Lead upward to the quiet skies,
The radiant paths to Paradise
Revealed when all is dark below.

The reader will perceive that "*Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions*," is a work which has made a profound impression upon the mind of the reviewer. He commends it to those who have the leisure, and the inclination to think, but let all others eschew the book. In the words of the intelligent and discriminating Preface, "to him who turns as he reads page after page with uniform velocity, we promise nothing. Such a reader will soon desert us. But he who is apt to pause with the forefinger in the half-closed volume, to him we promise that even out of the indecisions, and contrarieties of Thorndale and his friends he shall find hints and helps to the formation of that settled and consistent

scheme of Thought which he is doubtless building up for himself."

Oriental, and Western Siberia, a narrative of seven years Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese, Tartary, and part of Central Asia, by Thomas William Atkinson, with a map and numerous illustrations; Harper & Bros., New York, 1858.

Since the publication of the famous travels in Tartary and Thibet written by the French Jesuit Missionary, M. Hue, no work comparable to the present in novel detail, striking adventure and manly simplicity of narration, has been given to the reading world. His journey was originally undertaken by the author with the sole object of sketching the scenery of Siberia, scarcely at all known to Europeans. But while thus employed, he passed out of the Emperor of Russia's Asiatic dominions into a more extensive field, stretching from Kokhan on the west to the eastern end of the Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchín-si, including that immense chain Syanchan, never before seen by any European, as well as a large portion of the western part the Gobi, over which Ghenghis Khan marched his army westward, (scenes on which no pencil had been previously employed) comprising a distance traversed of "thirty-two thousand versts in carriages, seventy-one hundred in boats, and twenty thousand and three hundred on horseback; in all fifty-nine thousand four hundred versts, (about thirty-nine thousand five hundred miles,) in a period of seven years."

Mr. Atkinson's work is a record of facts. There is an air of ingenuous, truthful, unstudied simplicity apparent on every page. He is no braggadocio, no weaver of tales of wonder. He has simply wrought into artistical shape the contents of journals kept with scrupulous care during his entire journey, often under the influence of great fatigue, and amid the presence of numerous difficulties. He declares that he suffered much from hunger and thirst, that he ran many risks, and that occasionally his position among the tribes of Central Asia—more particularly among the convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements—was critical in the extreme.

"I have," he goes on to say, "several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hair-breadth escapes when riding, and sketching on the brinks of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me.

"With these accompaniments I tra-

versed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced five hundred and sixty sketches of the scenery."

If, with these plain and satisfactory statements of what he may expect to hear and see before him, the reader is not prepared without more ado to place himself under the guidance of Mr. Atkinson, for the "grand tour" of Asia, we pronounce him to be an unadventurous, unimaginative sluggard, for whose inertness we cannot help feeling a touch of contempt!

Speech of Hon. James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, on the Admission of Kansas, under the Lecompton Constitution, delivered in the Senate of the United States, March 4th, 1858. Lemuel Towers, printer, Washington City.

It is not our province as literary journalists to speak of Politics, or Political Speeches. But there are some exceptional cases which, we think, justify a general expression of our opinion upon such topics, provided this opinion be freed of all local or partizan bias.

Such we conceive to be our privilege in the present instance. There is a largeness of view, a comprehensive reach of argument and application in the speech of Senator Hammond, which are calculated to elevate it very far above the level of party-special pleading. Its bold and noble tone is equalled only by the accuracy of its analysis and the breadth of its generalizations.

And yet, calm, logical, careful in statement, and scrupulously conscientious in the nature of its proofs, as this speech is everywhere acknowledged to be, its

peculiar charm and the secret of its telling effect in delivery, is to be found in the pervading air of controlled and moderated passion, of high patriotic enthusiasm, which is one of the chief of its great merits.

In the graphic picture which he draws of the independent resources of the two great sections of the country, Senator Hammond entered into the exposition of facts which must have astonished those Northern Ultraists who profess to regard the Southern States as a collection of weak provinces, dependent upon their confederates on the other side of the great Line for existence itself!

But we have not the space to analyze this masterly effort as a whole. We simply desired to contribute our mite to the general meed of praise and approval.

The Works of Tacitus issued by Harper & Brothers, in 2 vol., form a valuable addition to the *Classical Library* which those indefatigable Publishers have for some time been engaged in getting up on the general plan of the *Bohn Library* in London. The present edition of *Tacitus* is the *Oxford Translation* carefully revised, and supplied liberally with *Annotations*.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announces several valuable books as being now in press. Among them, a new volume of poems by Charles Kingsley, together with a volume of that author's *Lectures and Essays*. "Recollections of the Last Days of Byron and Shelley," by E. S. Trelawney, and the poetry of Percival, in "blue and gold."